THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI No 51 – E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.
NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15th, 1927.
$1.50 per year in advance

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30 Pairs Men's Boots and Shoes clearing at about Half Price
30 Pairs Women's Boots & Shoes clearing at.......... $1.00 a pair
30 Boys' Bloomer Suits clearing at about................ Half Price
Men's and Boys' V Necked and Pullover Sweaters reduced .... One Third

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

LOST—Iron lantern, brass base, between Selby road crossing and town. Finder please return to ANDERSON'S GROCERY. 48

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Upright Heintzman Piano, Mahogany case, in first class condition. Apply to Mrs. F. P. Douglas, 130 Union street Kingston or Mrs. W. J. Doller, Napanee. 51-b

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISH-RITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE—Seven roomed house, all convenences, square place, hardwood floors downstairs, good basement and furnace, good barn, large lot, well treed, good locality. A comfortable home and a good buy. Apply WM. DAVIS, Graham street. 42-tf

STRAYED—From Arthur Shults' pasture on Nov. 8th, a fox mare. The left hind foot leans in a little. Anyone having any information regarding same, please notify MRS. E. ABBOTT, R. R. No. 6, Napanee, or ARTHUR SHULTS, Napanee. 51-bp

FOR SALE—FARM LANDS.

The Charles Thompson farm, 3 miles from Napanee, on the Provincial Highway, Deseronto Road, good buildings, well watered, finest soil for garden purposes, 140 acres. Enquire for price and terms.

The Walter Woodcock farm, about three miles west of Napanee, on Belleville Road. 100 acres, nicely located, good water, good buildings, creek in pasture.

Have some 40 farms listed, which vary in size from 350 acres to 40 acres. Some of these are on main highways. Have also 3 half-sections of well improved land in Saskatchewan for sale on easy terms or will exchange for property in Ontario.

Good residential property on easy terms.

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151
Napanee Branch
C. Waite, Manager

NAPANEE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

A Class—40% in each subject and 75% of the total.
B. Class—40% in each subject and 60% of the total.

SR. IV.

A.—Jimmie Garratt, Joan Lemaistre.
B.—Clarke Beattie, Gilbert Howitt, George Chambers, Donald Archer, Eileen Fox, Beatrice Valkman, Mary Evans, Billie Milsap, Leonora Fraser, Annie Young Harry Moore.

JR. IV.

A.—M. Owen.
B.—R. Hyland, B. Denison, D. Loyst, B. Hyland, M. Drake, H. Barrett, J. Roney, R. McIlwaine, H. Norris, A. Babcock.

SR. III.

A.—M. O'Neill, H. Hearnes, V. Vincent.
B.—F. Babcock, (A. Deschene and D. Knapp, equal) R. Merriam, P. Todd, I. Markle, G. Leary, D. Trumpour, D. Wood, (G. Walters, L. Taylor and S. Thompson equal) D. Laughland, F. Coakwell, B. Thompson, F. Lucas.

SR. III.

B.—Doris Moore, Douglas Graham, Elizabeth Cooke, Illa Cassell.

JR. III.

A.—Helen Henderson, Elizabeth Madden, Enid MacGregor, George Wilson, Eric LeMaistre.
B.—Harriet Madden, (Jean Vine and Ernest Conger, equal) Garrett Joy, Doris Stinson.

JR. III.

A.—W. Kellar, G. Hagan, J. O'Connor.
B.—(J. Murphy, G. White) equal, F. McLaughlin, B. Evans, (H. Derby, J. Turner) equal, B. Webster, I. Jackson, D. Owens, J. Young, R. Brown, C. Barrett, G. Curry, M. Cooke, R. Archer.

SECOND BOOK.

A.—B. Beatty, G. Markle, R. Woodger.
B.—J. Clark, N. Root, E. Elliott, J. Gibbard, R. Edgar, D. Cowling, M. Irvine, I. McGee, L. O'Connor, A. Hearns, R. Paul, J. Gilbride.

FIRST BOOK.

B.—Aileen Warner, Dorothy Markle, Marguerite Currie, Vera Pidgeon, Leslie Hearns, Donald Reid, Anna Wilson, Arthur Fox, Elizabeth Jackson, Georgie Plumley, Leonard Huffman, Authmire Curry, Gordon Gilbride.

JR. I.

Elizabeth Woodcock, J. Coakwell, Laurence Markle, Robert Wagar, Nina Thompson, Dorothy Plumley, Douglas Exley, Joe Jocko, Arthur Babcock, Dale Parks, Eva McTaggart.

SR. PRIMER

Louise Gilbride, Fred McHoull, Trevor Pawson, Mary Kimmerly, Rachel Wheeler.

INTER PR.

Everett Bowen, Leanore Valkman, Marlyn Benn.

JR. PR.

Madge White, Dorothy Murphy, Marion Vanvolkenburgh, Harold Martin, Bruce Turner, Audrey McMillan, Reggie Vick, Raymond Vick, Mary Wagar, Edgar Hearns.

FIRST CLASS

Bobbie Smith, Maude Babcock, Stewart Storms, Daniel Lloyd, Limery Scott, Joe Wheeler.

JUNIOR FIRST.

Kenneth Moore, Alastair Ker, Helen Hayes, Betty Cornwell, R. Miller, Rupert Merriam.

SR. PRIMER.

Marion Root, Howard O'Connor, Jack Willoughby, Mabel Markle, Mary Buchanan, Edgar Graham, Billy Baker, Eileena Poste, Douglas Rendall.

JUNIOR PRIMER.

Dorothy Walker, Ethel McTaggart, Doris Rendell, Betty Huffman, Helen Young.

BEGINNERS.

Ray Howe, Walter Kimmerly, Arthur Loucks, Teddy Cassan, Gertie Butcher, Jack Huston, C. Markle, Jimmy Manser, Georgie Howie, Jimmy Howie, Douglas McCracken, Billy Beaubien, Wallace Thompson, Gerald Hayes, Laura Curry, Gordon Ker, Helen Pidgeon, Peter Waite, Doris Thompson, Mauda Kellar, Lois Williams, Evelyn Hill, Elden Hearns, Margaret Young, Charles Thompson, Aileen Thompson, Doris Harrison.

EAST WARD

SR. II.

A.—P. Culhane.
B.—F. Barrett, E. Young, J. Conger, I. MacFarland.

JR. II.

A.—S. Gilbert, R. Dafoe.
B.—B. Lasher, J. Tompkins, F. Thompson, A. Sove, M. Babcock, J. Huyck.

FIRST CLASS

A.—I. Norris, D. Thompson, D. Reid, O. Culhane, B. Babcock.
B.—P. Denison, [illegible]ford, J. Thompson, B. Assel[illegible] I. Stevenson, J. Wagar, J. Lucas, R. Russell, H. Vine.

SENIOR PRIMER.

John Russell, Billy Waitson, Burton Knight, Gertrude Thompson, Doris McCabe, Miles Vine, Alice Harmer, Louise Babcock, Audrey Lucas, Billy Moore, Ralph Lucas, Rosalind Mowers, Mary Conger.

INTER. PRIMER.

Bernice Young, Clifford Millar, Wilbert Asselstine, Jim Moore, Eva McFarland, Clare Millar, Marion Lasher, Jack Holmes, Helen Marrion Moore.

JR. PRIMER.

Kathleen Weiss, Gladys Leary, Margaret Waitson, Hazel Navin, Jean Napolis, Jack Balance, Helen Thompson, Earl Thompson, Helen Mary Moore, Mary Steacy, Sarah Madden, Verna Stevenson, Mildred Navin, Herbert Henderson.

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Beauty Parlor

In charge of Miss Ward.
Finger Water Waving, French Marcelling, Wax Marcelling, and Shampooing.
All tools sterilized.
Telephone 460 for appointments.

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27-tf

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John Street,
South of Paisley House.

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15tf

NOTICE OF MEETING

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, at call of the Warden, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, NOV. 22nd, 1927
at 2 p. m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, Nov. 23rd, in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

Dated November 10th, 1927.

NEWBURGH.

Miss Blanche Yeomans, has returned to Winnipeg to complete her studies at the Pentecostal Bible School.

Mr. Angus Harrison, of St. Michael's College, Toronto, spent last week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Harrison.

Mr. George Paul and family are leaving Newburgh to reside in Toronto, where Mr. Paul has a situation with the Provincial Customs.

Mrs. Samuel Yeomans has been a visitor in Kingston for a week with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Nettie Yeomans.

Mr. Fuller, who has lately returned from a trip to Africa, was the guest of Mr. G. Bray on Sunday last.

The Peerless Concert Company gave a concert in the Bank Hall on Thursday evening, the proceeds of which went to the Public Library.

Little Miss Helen Wartman entertained a number of her young friends on Monday last, it being her tenth birthday.

Mrs. Winters, her two daughters, Mildred and Hazel, spent the week-end with Mrs. Wilde, Selby road.

NOTICE !

I have a carload of No. 1 White, government inspected, Canada Grade A

Potatoes

to arrive about November 20th

Price at Car : **$1.80** *in 90 lb. Bags included*

Send or leave your orders

FRED A. PERRY

STELLA.

Th funeral of William McGuinness, a well-known former resident of Amherst Island, who passed away in Kingston on Tuesday, was held from Stella Dock on Saturday morning, on arrival of the steamer Brockville, to Glenwood cemetery for interment. The burial service was conducted by the Rev. Thomas Leech. The late Mr. McGuinness followed the occupation of farming here until a few years ago, when he removed to the city, following there for a time the position of traveller for the International Harvester Co. Deceased had been in ill health for some time, being confined to the Hospital.

The Amherst Island Wowen's Institute conducted an Armistice Tea in the Town Hall on Saturday evening. It was quite well patronized despite the very disagreeable afternoon and evening. This well-known Institute, with its members were never more active than during the Great War, when they took up the work of the Red Cross, giving cheerfully of their time and means for a good and worthy cause. The members are to be commended for the spirit prompting them to hold their tea at this date.

The bell on St. Alban's Church was tolled on Friday, Nov. 11, at 11 a.m., commemorative of the signing of the Armistice.

Fleming Bros., Maple Avenue, had a "Bee" on Thursday evening last, making sauerkraut. All present enjoyed the work immensely. Fleming Bros. are extensive growers of cabbage and other garden produce.

E. Wellbanks, Long Point, has purchased the house on Bay street recently vacated by William Munro. Mr. and Mrs. Munro and family are moving to Rochester, N.Y., where they will in future reside.

C. McKim, representing the Deseronto Creamery Co., was over on the Island last week looking for prospective cream shippers. This well-known Deseronto firm have purchased the Bath cheese factory, and will make such alterations and repairs in making it to conform to the requirements of an up-to-date creamery. Thomas Morrow, of Emerald, has been placed in charge of the Island branch of the business.

Emerald cheese factory has closed its doors after a very successful season. Mr. Hounslow, the maker during the season just closed, has, with his wife and family, taken their departure for Kingston.

W. A. Kilpatrick, Emerald, has moved into his new house which has just recently been completed.

Mrs. McGuinness and family have moved into the house recently vacated by Mr. Kilpatrick, Mrs. McGuinness having sold one of her farms to William Leavens, a popular young farmer of that district.

Mrs. A. Reid is spending a week with her son, W. H. Reid, Oshawa.

Mrs. Sylvester and Miss Sylvester have returned to their home at Stratford, after spending a few days with the former's mother, Mrs. Wilfrid Miller.

Birds on Trial.

Most people have seen large numbers of birds gathered together in a field or on a hill. But how many know they were probably holding a court-martial on one of their fellows?

These bird courts are held periodically, chiefly by crows, ravens, or sparrows. The prisoner is brought into the court and a general croaking ensues until judgment is delivered.

Should the unfortunate bird be found guilty, it is set on by the rest and pecked to death. Stealing sticks from another bird's nest is, apparently, a crime that does not call for such drastic punishment. Six or so of the other birds simply proceed to break up the offender's own nest!

Should an offender in the sparrows' court be guilty of a crime not serious enough to deserve the death penalty, its sentence is delivered by a few sparrows who [illegible] inflict the necessary punishment. It is then forgiven and received back into the fold.

A Great Jockey.

Experts will tell you that there is no one riding to-day who can touch Joe Childs, the King's jockey. He is said to be the world's greatest rider. In his time he has won almost every big race—some of them two or three times—not only in England, but in Ireland, and in France.

During the war Childs went for training to the Curragh in Ireland, where he was despatched to the riding school. "Have you ever ridden before?" asked the sergeant.

"Just once or twice," replied the jockey.

"Yus, on a donkey at Brighton, I s'pose," sneered the sergeant. "You've the worst seat on a horse I ever saw in my life."

Passing Kisses.

It is said that Japanese censors are letting up a bit on American film entertainment and are allowing a kiss or two to get by occasionally. Kissing, it is pointed out, isn't done in Japan, at least in public, and any picturization of this popular pastime strikes a discordant note with the Japanese censors.

However, the Japs have picked up a lot of Occidental ways and are beginning to look at kissing in a different light. Thus, the censors are using the shears less fearsomely on the fade-outs.

Australian Highways.

Australia is planning to spend nearly one hundred and seventy million dollars on highway construction during the next decade. Motor transportation is increasing in Australia by "leaps and bounds." The number of trucks in New South Wales has increased 800 per cent. since 1920, for instance.

WILTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The November meeting of the Wilton Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. A. H. Simmons on Tuesday afternoon, November 8, with an attendance of about twenty ladies.

Mrs. James B. Miller, district president of Napanee, favored us with her usual, pleasant paper and gave us something worth while to take home and to remember. Afterwards the delegates to the Kingston Institute Convention gave us a very fine report of the Convention. Each item was dealt with and the girls certainly played their part well. A vote of thanks was tendered the delegates and was heartily responded to. Miss Ida McPherson gave a paper on Current Events.

It was decided to have Mr. Laughland, of Napanee, show us his motion pictures in the near future. Committees were appointed to look after music and refreshments for this evening. Mrs. B. Simmons offered her home and it was decided to hold our December meeting there in the afternoon. A vote of thanks was given the Napanee ladies. The meeting closed with "God Save the King" and the social half-hour followed. Collection, $1.39.

The annual masquerade party of the W.W.I. was held in the Grange Hall, Wilton, on October 28. About 125 persons were there, nearly all very cleverly masked and dressed. About nine o'clock, the judges, who were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Marshall, Kingston, awarded the prizes as follows: Ladies' 1st prize, "Aunt Jemima," Mrs. Stuart Simmons; ladies' 2nd prize, "Snowflake," Miss Gene Asselstine; Men's 1st prize, "Mexican," Mr. W. B. Storms; men's 2nd prize, "Clown in Blue," Rev. W. S. Moffett. The comic prize was awarded to "The Chinaman," Mr. Charles Connors. The party unmasked and games and contests followed to the merriment of all. The prize of the "Bean Contest" was won by Mrs. Taylor, of Philadelphia. Refreshments were served at the close of the evening.

COLEBROOK.

Mr. H. M. Woodruff has gone to the north of the county in search of deer.

Mrs. E. D. Shangraw has returned from Syracuse, where she has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. H. Lemmon.

Mr. Kenneth Lakins, one of our popular young men, and Miss Loyst, of Harlowe, were married at Harrowsmith Parsonage on Tuesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Doggtt. We wish them a long and prosperous married life.

Mrs. Kilbourne is visiting her son, George Kilbourne, at Lakefield.

We are glad to see Mr. N. Walker about after his illness.

CENTREVILLE.

We are having rather disagreeable weather just at present. Farmers have about completed their fall ploughing.

Messrs. Byron, Wilred and Donald Perry and Wm. Storrings have returned from Detroit to visit friends here and at Harlowe.

Mr. E. H. Perry has returned from a hunting trip to the north country, minus a deer.

The township crusher is still operating West of the village trying to complete a piece of road this season.

The cheese factory has completed work for the season. Our cheesemaker, Mr. Frank Thompson, has resigned, having secured a position with the Sharples Separator Co.

Auction sales seem to be numerous and are well attended. Live stock, with the exception of hogs, is selling for high prices.

The clover dresser has been through here.

Those who have been on the sick list are recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, of Roblin, spent a couple of days with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Weese.

DESERONTO.

Mr. Thomas Hetherington is in Toronto visiting with friends.

Miss Isabel Neal is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Dunwoodie, Dundas street.

Mr. Chas. Gaulin, of Point Ann, spent the week-end at his home here.

Mr. George McDonald, a former resident of this town, is to be the manager of the new factory which is to start up shortly in the building known as the "Big Office."

Mrs. Martin Hart has returned from a visit with relatives in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rixen, and Mr. M. B. Rixen spent the week-end in Wellington, the guests of the former's daughter, Mrs. L. J. Greer.

Mr. Martin Hart, while working around the Post Office, fell and injured his knee.

Miss Helena Naphin, of Kingston, spent the week-end at her home here.

Mrs. Dryden, Miss Dryden and Mrs. Webster spent Saturday afternoon in Belleville.

Mr. William Stoddart, of Oshawa, spent the week-end at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kitchen, of Cobourg, spent the week-end in town as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Kitchen.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd and family, of Belleville, spent Sunday the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Barnhardt.

Mr. Clayton Stratton, of Belleville, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Barnhardt.

Mr. Harold Harvey, of Kingston, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harvey.

SILLSVILLE.

Mr. Louie Magee, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Frank Ham, left for Chicago on Wednesday to visit friends and spend the winter.

Mr. Lawrence Magee and sister motored to Courtice on Thursday to visit Rev. Harold and Mrs. Shawton, who were formerly of this circuit.

The Belleville Creameries truck is making regular trips through this locality and the farmers are shipping cream in large quantities.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

The delightful summer weather we enjoyed so long was suddenly replaced by a more wintry variety.

The masquerade party, given by the Ladies' Aid in the school room of the church on Wednesday evening, was quite successful, despite the unpromising weather. Most of those present appeared in costume, some very pretty, others screamingly funny. Many of the disguises proved very hard to penetrate and there were numerous surprises when the call was given to remove the masks.

Mr. Hamilton, recently arrived from Ireland, is seriously ill at the home of his uncle, James Bird.

Several car loads from here attended the show in Kingston on Thursday evening last.

Builders' Supplies.

Let us supply you with cement, plaster wall board, roofing, paints, oils, glass and builders' hardware.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

WILTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Long and daughter, Dorothy, Oshawa, are with their sister, Mrs. A. Simmons.

Miss A. Fulton spent Thanksgiving at her home in Belleville.

Mr. Shibley Neilson, B.Sc., has returned to Walkerville, after spending his holidays with his mother, Mrs. Storms.

All are delighted to hear that Mr. J. E. Miller is improving nicely.

Rev. Moffett made a trip to Montreal last week.

The Institute, which was held at the home of Mrs. A. Simmons on Tuesday was largely attended.

Rev. Merrick, Morven, occupied the Union pulpit on Sunday morning.

Mr. Guy Simmons is in the north country on a hunting trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Stinson Carr entertained on Tuesday evening.

A number of ladies attended the Institute convention in Kingston recently.

The Y.P.S. held their weekly meeting at the home of Mrs. A. W. Babcock last week.

Stoves.

See our splendid line of Quebec cooking stoves and circulating heaters.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

TAMWORTH.

The Women's Institute of Tamworth had for its October meeting a Hallowe'en party in the town hall. The ladies are to be heartily congratulated on the success of this meeting, for they not only made forty-seven dollars but provided a splendid entertainment for a very interested audience. Almost every one came in costume and there were several original and attractive costumes. The judges were Mrs. Hugh Wagar, Enterprise; Mrs. Stewart Close, Croydon; Mrs. Phreasant, Kent, and Mr. Wallace of Tamworth. The special prize for ladies was awarded to Mrs. R. V. McCallum, who was dressed as a spade pierette. Miss McLachlan, in a fancy Hallowe'en costume, won the prize for that class. The prize for character was given to Miss Marion Redden, who made a charming gypsy girl, and Miss Alma Lott looked comical enough to be awarded the prize for that class.

The men of the village did not all come in costume, but Mr. Sykes, as a French cavalier, won the prize for men's fancy dress.

The most interesting part of the program were the children. Almost every child of the village was incostume and were awarded prizes as follows: Boys' fancy, George Bell; boys' character, Harry Tucker; boys' comic, Gerald Courneya. The little girls resembled fairy land and were very hard to judge, but the girls' fancy went to Jean Wagar, the girls' character to Dorothy Tucker, and the girls' comic to Emma Williams. Several other little ones were given chocolate bars.

After the judging was over the audience was entertained by two well rendered monologues given by Mrs. Smith Gilmour and Mrs. D. Donovan. Then a few members of the Institute, assisted by three boys, put on a very suitable play entitled, 'The Haunted Gate.' Supper was served.

COMING :-: EVENTS

CHANGE OF DATE—St. Andrew's United Church Bazaar, Tuesday, November 29th.

SWASTIKA CLUB Special Dance, Masonic Hall, Friday, Dec. 30th. Remember the date.

NAPANEE POULTRY FAIR, Wednesday, November 30th, and Thursday, December 1st, 1927.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

MICAH CHAMPIONS THE OPPRESSED.

Sunday, Nov. 20.—Micah 2. 3, 6, 7 : 1-16.

Golden Text—He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good ; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ? (Micah 6:8).

Micah's concern was not so much to "champion the oppressed" as it was to call Israel back to God. He condemned the oppression of the weak by the strong, of the poor by the rich, but this was a mere incident in his prophetic message. He was there to proclaim to Israel her tragic apostasy from God, and the judgments that God would have to bring upon her. But he proclaimed equally, as do other prophets, the grace, the long-suffering, the forgivenness and the restoring power of God.

The book as a whole should be before us in this lesson ; there are only seven brief chapters.

Micah, a contemporary of Isaiah, began prophesying about 750 B.C., and he continued his supernaturall inspired pronouncements for 40 years. That is a long time for one man to stand before a people with reiterated messages of this sort.

Not only was Micah speaking with the authority of God to the Northern and Southern Kingdoms Israel and Judah, but he was speaking to the whole earth. After naming Samaria and Jerusalem, he continues : "Hear, all ye people ; hearken, O earth, and all that therein is." We must never forget that, while the Jews are God's specially chosen people, His peculiar relationship with them is for the sake of all mankind. So Micah's prophecies concern you and me today with sharply defined directness.

After those opening two verses of his book, the prophet passes at once to the Second Coming of Christ—and this was seven centuries before the Lord's first coming. "For behold," declares Micah, "the Lord cometh forth out of His place, and will come down, and tread upon the high places of the earth. And the mountains shall be molten under Him, and the valleys shall be cleft, as wax before the fire, and as the waters that are poured down a steep place." That this can refer only to the Lord's Second Coming is seen by comparing such passages as Zechariah 14 : 3, 4 : Matthew 24 : 27-30 ; II. Thessalonians 2 : 8, and Revelation 19 : 11-21.

The prophet then takes up the sins of Israel, and declares that because of these the terrific judgments of God must follow. This strain runs through every chapter. And with it there are the most incompromising demands that Israel should live a life of practical righteousness.

People who know neither God nor the Bible nor the Gospel often say that "Bible religion" offers a man something for nothing, and does not call for right living, but puts a premium on sin by offering to save the sinner through mere faith. Those who think this have not read the Bible. There is no book in the world's literature that makes such tremendous demands for righteous living as the Bible. This, again, appears repeatedly through Micah's prophecy. The Golden Text rightly emphasizes it. The Gospel does indeed offer to save sinners if they will but believe in the Saviour Jesus Christ ; but equally it shows that God saves them in order that they may live righteously. They are to do right because they are saved, not in order to be saved.

But God's punishment of sin is certain and inescapable for the unrepentant and unbelieving. This is seen in the first four verses of the third chapter ; after describing Israel's sins, the prophet warns : "Then shall they cry unto the Lord, but He will not hear them." False religious leaders are to be dealt with ; here as elsewhere in the Scriptures this sin is denounced as peculiarly reprehensible.

It is of interest to the whole world to learn, from Micah, that the day is coming when Jerusalem shall be the liberal, geographical capital of the world, when Christ shall have returned and established His Kingdom on earth. The fourth chapter shows this, and gives us a fore-glimpse of that Kingdom ; there is to be the universal peace, and universal prosperity ; and Israel shall come into her own as the leading nation of the world.

The closing chapter (7) sounds out the Gospel of the grace of God, "Therefore I will look unto the Lord : I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me. O mine enemy : when I fall, I shall arise ; when I sin in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me."

There are many wonderful things in this little book of Micah. Here are two of them :

"He (God) will turn again, He will have compassion upon us ; He will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea" (Micah 7 : 19).

And this prophecy concerning Christ : "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be ruler in Israel ; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting" (Micah 5 : 2).

Crabs Like Coconuts.

On the South Sea Islands there lives a variety of crab, the largest in the world. These crabs pick up coconuts and dig out the "eyes." Through these holes they extract the meat. Sometimes they even lift the nuts and smash them on the ground to get at the edible meat inside.

Britain's National Debt.

The national debt of Britain now stands at £8 7s. 5d. per head of the population; in 1913-1914 it was 13s. 3½d.

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Telephone service is not produced for delivery in bulk, or in standard packages over the counter.

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To her, your call means more than just a combination of switchboard manipulations. It is a call for *personal* service, to be answered completed and supervised as your *personal* clerk or secretary would handle it.

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DEADLY SAND DUNES.

Danger Against Which the Power of Man Is Helpless.

If the sea begins to break in upon a resort it can be stemmed by groynes; if a river threatens a town it can be diverted into a new channel; but there is one danger against which the power of man is helpless, says London Answers. This is sand.

Take the case of the Welsh village of Merthyrmawr, about twenty miles from Cardiff. For many years the sand washed up from the Atlantic on the Glamorganshire coast has been piling into great dunes, which are steadily advancing inland.

The village is doomed to be swallowed up, and it awaits its inevitable fate without gas, electricity, sewerage, or shops. It has not even a doctor or a public-house.

Equally certain is the fate of the much larger town of Alamogordo, in the American State of New Mexico. The White Sands, mountains of snow-white, powdered gypsum, which cover an area of 270 square miles, are moving steadily and irresistibly upon the town.

Old stage roads are covered fifty feet deep with the fine, dry stuff, and as the winds blow in one way on four days out of five, it is only a matter of time before Alamogordo is buried under the creeping nightmare.

In Norfolk buildings have been buried by wind-borne sand; and in Scotland vast areas of fertile land have been turned into barren waste.

At Crozon, near Brest, a heavy gale recently removed a huge sand-dune and revealed the remains of a village with a church and churchyard. How long this has been buried no one knows.

In many parts of the world railway engineers have a terrible task to keep their lines clear of drifting sand. On the Oregon Railway, near Wallula, the sand-dunes move so fast that a force of men is always on the spot to keep the tracks clear.

A COSTLY PIPE.

Pipe Faddists Demand a Straight-Grained Briar.

Thirty years ago a Cambridge undergraduate asked his tobacconist to procure for him a pipe the grain of which ran uniformly in the same vertical direction as the bowl. Such a thing is a freak among pipes, and out of 1,000 turned out there may be only one with this peculiar characteristic; it is usually the result of the heart of the briar root happening to be exactly at the base of the bowl when the latter is fashioned out of the rough wood.

The tobacconist at length found such a pipe, which he sold to the student at the ordinary price. The latter's friends, however, were so struck with the novelty that they overwhelmed the dealer with orders for "straight grainers." The demand for this kind of pipe grew steadily, and the makers set them aside whenever they appeared as rarities capable of realizing fancy prices. They had hitherto regarded them as inferior to the ordinary pipe on account of their tendency to split easily with the heat. Nowadays, if you want a straight-grained pipe you will be asked from one to two pounds for it.

Some pipe faddists demand a briar the bowl of which is dotted all over with tiny round flecks, or "bird's eyes." These are even rarer than the straight-grained variety, and anything up to ten guineas is demanded for a perfect specimen.

Women and the Professions.

In 1911 barristers, solicitors, and engineers in Britain were all men. Now there are 46 women as consultant engineers, 20 as barristers and 17 as solicitors, while female Nonconformist ministers have increased from three to 147, veterinary surgeons from two to 24, and architects from seven to 49.

Woman Makes Colored Steel.

By a secret process recently perfected by Miss C. Griff, of Birmingham, England, steel may be colored for use in ornaments and fittings to be used for buckles and buttons. The colored steel is said to be stainless and rustproof, may be an imitation of costly metals and the color can be applied in artistic design.

HEAVY VS. LIGHT FEEDING OF TURNIPS FOR STEER FATTENING

(Experimental Farms Note)

In the Maritime provinces swede turnips have been largely relied upon to furnish succulence in the ration of fattening steers. The question is often asked as to whether these should be fed in large, in small, or in decreasing amounts during the fattening period.

At the Experimental Station, Charlottetown, P.E.I., data have been collected from several years work throwing some light on the above questions.

During the winter of 1916-17 two pens of steers were fed, one of which received a uniformly heavy amount of turnips during the entire experimental feed period. The second pen received the same as the first pen at the start of the test, but this was gradually decreased until the completion of the period. It was found that steers in the second lot made greater and more economical gains than those receiving the heavier feeding.

During the winter of 1926-27 steers receiving 15 pounds of roots daily during the entire feed period made gains as great as those receiving 30 pounds per day. With pens fed turnips at a diminishing rate during the test period, there appeared to be no advantage in heavy feeding. Some slight advantage was noted between pens fed roots at a diminishing rate and those fed at a uniform rate during the experiment, the former making the more economical gains.

Pens fed turnips in any quantity or by any method made greater gains than the check pen receiving no turnips.

No direct data are available at this station indicating the optimum amount of turnips to be fed.

Turnips exercise a decidedly beneficial laxative and tonic effect and for this reason if for no other, their use is to be recommended.

How Far City Women Walk.

There is a tradition that the healthful exercise of walking came to us from the country. There may have been such a time, when, with the horses in harness in the fields, the member of the family who had to go to town on an errand, walked his three, four or five miles. To-day the car is brought out; and the dweller on the farm does not even to have to walk out to the well, since the house is piped for water.

In a city there remain many incentives for walking. The difficulty of parking a car increases, and transit lines fall short of their purposes because they do not cris-cross to suit the pedestrians' occasions.

So it is the city woman who walks, block after block, unconscious that when the day is done she has walked several miles. Not so often as a man is she out merely for the exercise. She has a definite shop in view, and walks more than a man. The man swings off for a walk, with the definite purpose of bettering his physical condition.

Mystery of a Mother Sheep.

There is a common expression, "stupid as a sheep," but this is not entirely just, for the sheep displays surprising intelligence when its maternal instincts are aroused.

Recently a shepherd was startled by the sudden and frantic bleating of a sheep outside his door. Going outside, he found one of his own flock, which immediately led him to the grazing pasture.

Here he had to open the gate to let the sheep into the field.

She led him to a spot where he found her lamb with its head firmly wedged in a hedge. It was apparent that she had made frantic attempts to free her baby, and failing had gone to the shepherd's home for help.

He freed the lamb, none the worse for its adventure, but has never discovered how the mother sheep got out of the field, which was so well fenced that at no point could he find a gap.

Peculiar Wills.

The daughter of a wealthy American has been punished by her father for refusing to shut a window at his request six years ago. Her father, Mr. Isidor Carfunkel, who died recently, left only $50 to his only child and bequeathed the bulk of his property to charity.

Almost as strange is the case of Dr. William Schroeder, who cut off his wife with four shillings because he alleged she had failed him, and bequeathed to his son one half-penny. He left most of his estate to his housekeeper.

Mrs. Louisa C. Goode inserted a clause in her will to the effect that the mourners at her funeral should stop at a famous restaurant on the way to the funeral and have a good dinner.

Do Scientists Live Longest?

"Is my profession or occupation likely to give me a long life?" is a question that is not very often thought about when one is just starting business. But it is probable that one's length of life will be affected by the job one chooses. The remarkable ages reached by ten well-known scientists whose deaths were recently reported in one week suggests that it is best to be a scientist if one wants a long life.

Some of the ages in question were: B. Lewis Rice, archaeologist, 89; J. Macleod, mathematician, 86; J. H. Reynolds, technologist, 85; W. S. Valiant, geologist, 81; with G. B. Sudworth, dendrologist, 63, the youngest in the list.

One Sack of Flour.

It takes five bushels of grain—the yield of a quarter of an acre — to make one sack of flour.

Albert.

The name Albert is from the Latin, Albertus, meaning nobly bright, illustrious.

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ROBT. LIGHT.

44tf

PROTECTION OF TREES FROM MICE AND RABBITS

(Experimental Farms Note)

As each spring comes around complaints come in of damage from mice. As much of this can be prevented by precautionary measures taken in the fall, we venture once again to remind our readers that the time is now opportune to guard against such loss. This may be accomplished in two ways : (1) by the use of building paper, and (2) by the use of wire or metal protectors. The building paper is a very cheap means of protection from the standpoint of material, but, as it lasts only the one season, is extravagant of time, through the necessity of wrapping the trees each fall. Single-ply white or grey building paper is used. Tar paper may be used, but is not recommended, as there is a possibility of injury to the trees. The paper is cut into strips about six or eight inches wide and the full length of the roll, which is generally about thirty inches. The paper is wrapped fairly snugly around the trunk of the tree and tied with binder twine top and bottom. After tying, a little earth is mounded up around the base to prevent rodents working under the paper. This paper is generally removed in the spring.

The other method, the use of wire or metal, is more permanent, more expensive in material, but cheaper in labour, for the metal protectors last for a long period of years. Fine meshed galvanized wire netting is the most lasting material. It is fastened by small pieces of wire and is made large enough to allow for the trunk expanding as the tree grows.

Another very satisfactory and cheaper material is made from expanded metal, such as is used in building. It is better than both galvanized and dipped in paint, in which state it may be obtained from the factory. This material is fastened around the trunk by small wire fasteners as is the wire netting. It is advisable to stick the ends of these wire protectors in the soil so that there will be no danger of the mice working from underneath.

THE SAHARA DESERT.

Encroaching Sand Has Buried Many Forgotten Cities.

It is not generally known that the Sahara Desert has encroached hundreds of miles eastward during the centuries since the great days of Egyptian civilization, and has in consequence buried in sand many forgotten cities and centres of population. One often thinks of the treasure buried under desert sands must also be incalculable.

A sensational discovery was made recently, not on the Egyptian side, where the sand almost succeeded in overwhelming even the mighty Sphinx, but on the western side of the desert. The body of some ancient Queen of Sahara was found beneath the sand. On her arms were eighteen bracelets, nine of gold and nine of silver; five necklaces of jewels were round her neck and on her head was a diadem of gold starred with jewels.

There was much exquisitely carved furniture in the tomb, and nearby were piles of jewels—emeralds, rubies, onyx, and so on. On the opposite side was found a superb statue of a woman carved in stone. The date of this tomb is placed at least a thousand years before the Christian era.

Crocodile as Pet.

Unusual pets are now becoming very popular, and it may not be long before cats and dogs lose their places in the household.

Masked love-birds, with black heads, yellow breasts, and bands of vivid orange at the neck, are the latest "fashion," while numbers of lemurs are being bought. The craze for monkeys has died down a little.

One boy went into a naturalist's shop and asked for a hyena. When told that this animal was not exactly the sort of pet to keep in a house, he wanted to compromise with a baby chimpanzee. Finally he left with a baby crocodile, but what he will do with it when it grows up is doubtful.

There is quite a demand for lion cubs, that cost anything between £75 and £95, says an Old Country paper. They can be kept with safety until about two years old, but as soon as they begin to grow morose and sulky it is time to find new accommodation for them.

Chinese Theatre at Hollywood.

Hollywood, California, boasts a new theatre that of its kind is probably unique in America. Grauman's Chinese Theatre is the name of this million-dollar structure. Its most striking exterior feature is a vivid effect of gorgeous coloring, achieved primarily through the extensive ornamental use of copper and bronze.

Employment of these metals made it possible for the architects to work out the Oriental motif with a realism that would otherwise have been impossible. The rich colorings of Chinese architecture of the early dynasties called for a generous use of bronze and of weathered copper with its delicate green hue. Combined with the jades and black lacquers of Chinese art, these metals produce a display of beauty that is extraordinary among American theatres.

Eight Miles Up In the Air.

To a balloon passenger belongs the honor of reaching a greater height above the earth than any other man has attained before. This feat was accomplished by Capt. N. C. Gray, of the U. S. Air Corps, who recently ascended to the height of 42,470 feet—eight miles.

To relieve the monotony of his climb, Capt. Gay took up a wireless set, but as he rose above six miles the music gradually faded, until he could hear nothing at all.

After hovering motionless at its highest altitude, the balloon began a sudden descent that grew faster and faster, and, although he threw out everything he could spare, the aeronaut found it impossible to arrest the fall. He was obliged to jump out, but reached the ground safely with his parachute.

WOMEN "WRENS."

Lady Architects Want to Do Something Big.

We may in future expect to see women's names figuring as winners in some of the big architectural competitions. Hitherto it has mostly been men's designs which have been chosen. Men seem to have designed all the war memorials, although one cannot help feeling that these are subjects to which women could do very great justice, says Answers.

Possibly, however, the dearth of women competitors in these cases was due to the fact that women architects are only just coming into their own.

Those who entered for training after the war and are now qualified are, if thoroughly competent, likely to prove more fortunate than those who tried their hand at this profession a year or two earlier.

Perhaps the girl who is compelled to work her way up from the beginning has not, as yet, so good a chance as a boy in similar circumstances. But those who have been able to afford to take degrees, go into partnership with someone, or run an office and wait for commissions, are now beginning to see the first fruits of their labor.

Strangely enough, these women pioneers do not seem to lean particularly to domestic architecture, or to any specially feminine branch of the profession. Though some women designers have much good work in domestic architecture to their credit, most of them, like the men, want to handle such things as triumphal arches, theatres, and Government buildings.

Already they have in their midst one of whom they may very rightly be proud. She is a London architect, and is one of six chosen from seventy-four entrants for the final round of the competition for designs for the New Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

This is no mean feat, as even those unversed in architecture must realize.

MacIsaac.

Lt.-Col. J. A. MacIsaac, of Ottawa, national treasurer of the Canadian Legion, tells a good story on himself regarding a recent trip to New York.

While at his hotel there, Col. MacIsaac had occasion to put through a telephone call and though the telephone operator on duty in the hotel had run up against some peculiar names in the course of her work, the Ottawa man's appeared to have her stumped.

Col. MacIsaac repeated it for her two or three times but without avail, her guesses at what he might be saying including just about everything that the name might be, but wasn't.

Finally, in desperation, Col. MacIsaac spelled out the word slowly and as he listened to hear whether the girl had at last solved the mystery, a gasp of surprise came over the wire.

"Mac—Isaac!" came the astonished words. "Well, where did you get the 'Mac' before a name like that?"

The Strawberry Tree.

Apart from naturalists and botanists there are probably few people who are aware of the existence of the strawberry tree, as distinct from the strawberry plant.

Yet there is such a tree. It usually bears flowers about the end of September or beginning of October, and along with the flowers are found the fruits of the previous year.

The fruit is a large orange-red berry, closely resembling the strawberry; hence the name of the tree.

The strawberry tree is frequently found growing wild in Ireland, especially in the neighborhood of the Lakes of Killarney.

Eighteen National Parks.

Canada has eighteen National Parks, having a total area of 10,000 square miles.

BABY'S OWN SOAP
From Baby's birth test out its worth

Curious Difference Between Odors Preferred by Men and Women.

One of the most mysterious and remarkable features of perfumes is their power of fixing themselves in the memory. Places and events can often be recalled after many years by the smell associated with them.

In this connection a story is recorded of a certain planter who lived in the up-country in India. When the manufacturing season was on, this man would go into the engine-room for a smell of hot oil—which reminded him of the ship that brought him out from England and which he hoped would one day take him back. The smell of hot oil, in fact, was a link between him and home.

In his recently published book, "The Mystery and Lure of Perfume," Mr. C. J. S. Thompson tells us that there is a curious difference between the odors preferred by men and women. Women, as a rule, show a distinct liking for perfumes in which mint, citronella, rose, violet, and the softer odors are combined; while men have a preference for musk, lavender, cedar and sandal.

Mr. Thompson makes some interesting comments on powder and lipstick. The basis of modern face-powders consists of wheat or rice, starch, orris-root powder, zinc oxide or bismuth oxide, and French chalk or talc in varying proportions, to which perfume is added.

The basis of lip-stick is paraffin or white wax, with carmine as the coloring matter.

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Chromium.

That chromium, an extraordinary hard metal which, applied to high polished surfaces, is a brilliant buffed silver in appearance that does not tarnish nor readily abrade or corrode, will be put into universal use in vital parts of automobiles and increase by ten times the present life of cars, was forecast at the fifteenth annual national convention of the American Electroplaters' Society held recently.

The element, chromium, predicted to give this greater wear and which will practically stamp out corrosion of metals, was introduced a year or so ago as an electroplating material into industry and hailed as the greatest forward step of twenty-five years among manufacturing plants.

A Clever Aphorism.

Egotism is the anaesthetic nature gives to deaden the pain of being a fool.—Altoona Mirror.

Permanent Waves Cost $75,000,000.

It is estimated the women of the United States spent $75,000,000 on "permanent waves" during 1926.

A Cannibal Tree.

The canibal tree of Australia, a giant pineapple in appearance, is credited with power to entrap and crush to death anyone touching its leaves.

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.

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Napanee.

The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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And that was all. At some time during the night he had lost (or been cunningly bereft of?) that little purse of chamois skin containing the three golden sovereigns which he had been husbanding to pay his steamer expenses and which, if only he had them now, would stand between him and starvation and a night in the streets. If Brentwick were only in town! But he wasn't and wouldn't be within the week.

"No good waiting here," he concluded. Composing his face, he re-entered the station. There were his trunks, of course. He couldn't leave them standing on the station platform forever.

He found the luggage room and interviewed a mechanically courteous attendant, who, as the result of profound deliberation, advised him to try his luck at the lost luggage room across the station. He accepted the advice. It was a foregone conclusion that his effects had not been conveyed to the Tilbury dock. They could not have been loaded into the luggage van without his personal supervision. Still, anything was liable to happen when his unlucky star was in the ascendant.

He found them in the lost luggage room.

A clerk helped him identify the articles and ultimately clucked with a perfunctory note, "Sixpence each, please."

"I—ah—pardon?"

"Sixpence each, the fixed charge, sir. For every twenty-four hours or fraction thereof, sixpence per parcel."

"Oh, thank you so much," said Kirkwood sweetly. "I will call tomorrow."

"Very good, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Five times sixpence is two and six," Kirkwood computed, making his way hastily out of the station lest a worse thing befall him. "No, bless your heart—not while two and eight represents the sum total of my fortune."

He wandered out into the night. He could not linger round the station till dawn, and what profit to him if he did? Even were he to ransom his trunks one can scarcely change one's clothing in a public waiting room.

Somewhere in the distance a great clock chimed a single stroke freighted sore with melancholy. It knelled the passing of the half hour after midnight, a witching hour when every public shuts up tight and gentlemen in top hats and evening dress are doomed to pace the pave till day (barring they have homes or visible means of support)—till day, when pawnshops open and such personal effects as watches and hammered silver cigar cases may be hypothecated. What was he to do? An hour passed. Through this long hour Kirkwood walked without a pause.

Another clock somewhere clanged resonantly twice. The world was very still. And so, wandering foot loose in a wilderness of ways, turning aimlessly, now right, now left, he found himself in Frognall street.

Kirkwood identified it with a start and a guilty tremor. He stopped stock still in an unreasoning state of semi-panic, arrested by a silly impulse to turn and fly, as if the bobby whom he descried approaching him with measured stride, pausing now and again to try a door or flash his bullseye down an area, were to be expected to identify the man responsible for that racket raised ere midnight in vacant No. 9.

At the corner he swerved and crossed, still possessed of his devil of inspiration. It would be unfair to him to say that he did not struggle to resist it, for he did, because it was fairly and egregiously asinine; yet, struggling, his feet trod the path to which it tempted him.

"Why," he expostulated feebly, "I might as well turn back and beat that bobby over the head with my cane!"

But at the moment his hand was in his change pocket, feeling over that same brass door key which earlier he had been unable to account for, and he was informing himself how very easy it would have been for the sovereign purse to have dropped from his waistcoat pocket while he was sliding on his ear down the dark staircase. To recover it meant, at the least, shelter for the night, followed by a decent, comfortable and sustaining morning meal. Fortified by both he could redeem his luggage, change to clothing more suitable for daylight traveling, pawn his valuables and enter into negotiations with the steamship company for permission to exchange his passage, with a sum to boot, for transportation on another liner—a most feasible project, a temptation all but irresistible!

But then—the risk. Supposing, for the sake of argument, the customary night watchman to have taken up a transient residence in No. 9, supposing the police to have entered with him and found the stunned man on the second floor, would the watchman not be vigilant for another nocturnal marauder—would not [illegible] more than ever be keeping a wary eye on that house of suspicious happenings?

Decidedly to re-enter it would be to incur a deadly risk. And yet undoubtedly, beyond question, his sovereign purse was waiting for him somewhere on the second flight of stairs, while his means of clandestine entry lay warm in his fingers—the key to the dark entry, which he had by force of habit pocketed after locking the door on leaving the house with Dorothy.

He came to the Hog-in-the-Pound. Its windows were dim with low turned gaslights. Down the covered alleyway Quadrant mews slept in a dusk, but fitfully relieved by a lamp or two round which the friendly mist clung close and thick.

There would be none to see.

Skulking, throat swollen with fear, heart beating like a snare drum, Kirkwood took his chance. Buttoning his overcoat collar up to his chin and cursing the fact that his hat must stand out like a chimney pot on a detached house, he sped on tiptoe down the cobbled way and close beneath the house walls of Quadrant mews; but, halfway in, he stopped, confounded by an unforeseen difficulty. How was he to identify the narrow entry of No. 9, whose counterparts doubtless communicated with the mews from every residence on four sides of the city block?

He almost lost his head when he realized that escape was already cut off by the way he had come. Some one or, rather, some two men were entering the alley. He could hear the tramping and shuffle of clumsy feet and voices that muttered indistinctly. One seemed to trip over something and cursed. The other laughed. The voices grew more loud. They were coming his way. He dared no longer vacillate. He dived into the nearest black hole of a passageway and in sheer desperation flung himself, key in hand, against the door at the end. Mark how his luck served him who had forsworn her! He found a keyhole and inserted the key. It turned. So did the knob. The door gave inward. He fell in with it, slammed it, shot the bolts and, panting, leaned against its panels, in a pit of everlasting night, but saved—for the time being, at all events.

CHAPTER X.

INDOORS Kirkwood faced unhappily the enigma of fortuity, wondering if this by any possibility were No. 9.

The key had fitted, the bolts had been drawn on the inside, and, while the key had been one of ordinary pattern and would no doubt have proved effectual with any one of a hundred common locks, the finger of probability seemed to indicate that his luck had brought him back to No. 9.

In spite of all this, he was sensible of little confidence. Though this were truly No. 9, his freedom still lay on the knees of the gods; his very life, belike, was poised, tottering on a pinnacle of chance.

In the end, taking heart of desperation, he stooped and removed his shoes, a precaution which later appealed to his sense of the ridiculous in view of the racket he had raised in entering, but which at the moment seemed most natural and in accordance with common sense. Then, rising, he held his breath, staring and listening. About him the pitch darkness was punctuated with fading points of fire, and in his ears was a noise of strange whisperings.

He went forward gingerly, feeling his way like a blind man on strange ground. Ere long he stumbled over a doorsill and found that the walls of the passage had fallen away. He had entered a room, a black cavern of indeterminate dimensions. Thence, progressing over complaining floors through what may have been the servants' hall, a large room with a table in the middle and a number of promiscuous chairs (witness his tortured shins), he finally blundered into the basement hallway.

By now a little calmer, he felt assured that this was really No. 9 Frognall street and a little happier about it all, though not even momentarily forgetful of the potential police and night watchman. However, he mounted the steps to the ground floor without adventure and found himself at last in the same dim and ghostly hall which he had entered some six hours before. The mockery of dusk admitted by the fanlight was just strong enough to enable him to identify the general lay of the land and arrangement of furniture.

More confidently with each uncontested step he continued his quest. Elation was stirring his spirit when he gained the first floor and moved toward the foot of the second flight, approaching the spot whereat he was to begin the search for the missing purse. The knowledge that he lacked means of obtaining illumination deterred him nothing. He had some hope of finding matches in one of the adjacent rooms, but, failing that, was prepared to ascend the stairs on all fours, feeling every inch of their surface if it took hours.

And thus it fell out that, at the instant he was thinking it time to begin to crawl and hunt, his stockinged feet came into contact with something heavy, yielding, warm—something that moved, moaned and caused his hair to bristle and his flesh to creep.

We will make allowances for him. All along he had gone on the assumption that his antagonist of the dark stairway would have recovered and made off with all expedition in the course of ten or twenty minutes at most from the time of his accident. To find him still there was something entirely outside of Kirkwood's reckoning. He would as soon have thought to encounter, say, Calendar—would have preferred the latter, indeed.

"Poor devil!" murmured the young man. "He must be in a pretty bad way for sure!" He knelt, compassion gentling his heart, and put one hand to the insentient face. A warm sweat moistened his fingers. His palm was fanned by steady respiration.

Immeasurably perplexed, the American rose, slipped on his shoes and buttoned them, thinking hard the while. What ought he to do? Obviously flight suggested itself—incontinent flight, anticipating the man's recovery. On the other hand, indubitably the latter had sustained such injury that consciousness, when it came to him, would hardly be re-enforced by much aggressive power. Moreover, it was to be remembered that the one was in that house with quite as much warrant as the other unless Kirkwood had drawn a rash inference from the incident of the ragged sentry. The two of them were mutual if antagonistic trespassers. Neither would dare bring about the arrest of the other. And then—and this was not the least consideration to influence Kirkwood—perhaps the fellow would die if he got no attention.

Feeling his way like a blind man on strange ground.

Light upon the subject, actual as well as figurative, seemed to be the first essential. His mind composed, Kirkwood set himself in search of it. The floor he was on, however, afforded him no assistance.

After some momentary hesitation he went upstairs, his ascent marked by a single and grateful incident. Halfway to the top he trod on an object that clinked underfoot and, stopping, retrieved the lost purse.

The rooms on the second floor were bedchambers, broad, deep, stately, inhabited by seven devils of loneliness. In one, on a dresser, Kirkwood found a stump of candle in a china candlestick. The two charred ends of matches at its base were only an irritating discovery, however—evidence that real matches had been the mode in No. 9 at some remote date. Disgusted and oppressed by cumulative inquisitiveness, he took the candle end back to the hall. He would have given much for the time and means to make a more detailed investigation into the secret of the house.

Since his latest entrance his vision had adjusted itself to cope with the obscurity to some extent, and the street lights, meagerly reflected through the windows from the bosom of a sullen pall of cloud low swung above the city, had helped him to piece together many a detail of decoration and furnishing, alike somber and richly dignified. Kirkwood told himself that the owner, whoever he might be, was a man of wealth and taste inherited from another age. He had found little of meretricious today in the dwelling, much that was solid and sedate and homely and—Victorian. He could have wished for more. A box of early Victorian vestas had been highly acceptable.

Making his way downstairs to the stricken man, who was quite as he had been, Kirkwood bent over and thrust rifling fingers into his pockets regardless of the wretched sense of guilt and sneakishness imparted by the action, stubbornly heedless of the possibility of the man's awakening to find himself being searched and robbed.

In the last place he sought, which should, he realized, have been the first—to wit, the fob pocket of the white waistcoat—he found a small gold matchbox packed tight with wax vestas and, berating himself for crass stupidity—he had saved a deal of time and trouble by thinking of this before—lighted the candle.

As its golden flame shot up with scarce a tremor, preyed upon by a perfectly excusable concern, he bent to examine the man's countenance. The arm which had partly hidden it had fallen back into a natural position. It was a young face that gleamed pallid in the candlelight, a face unlined, a little vapid and insignificant, with features regular and neat, betraying few characteristics other than the purely negative attributes of a character as yet unformed, possibly unformable, much the sort of face that he might have expected to see, remembering those thin and pouting lips that before had impressed him. Its owner was probably little more than twenty. In his attire there was a suspicion of a fop's preciseness, aside from its accidental disarray.

"I can't make him out at all!" declared Kirkwood. It was most exasperating, the incongruity of the boy's appearance assorted with his double role of persecutor of distressed damsels and nocturnal housebreaker.

Kirkwood bent closer above the motionless head, with puzzled eyes striving to pin down some elusive resemblance that he thought to trace in those vacuous features, a resemblance to some one he had seen or known at some past time somewhere, somehow.

"I give it up. Guess I'm mistaken. Anyhow, five young Englishmen out of every ten of his class are just as blond and foolish. Now let's see how bad he's hurt."

With hands strong and gentle he turned the round, light head. Then "Ah!" he commented in the accent of comprehension, for there was an angry looking bump at the base of the skull.

Kirkwood let the head down and took thought. Recalling a bathroom on the floor above, thither he went, unselfishly forgetful of his predicament if discovered, and, turning on the water, sopping his handkerchief until it dripped. Then, returning, he took the boy's head on his knees, washed the wound, purloined another handkerchief of silk, with a giddy border, from the other's pocket and of this manufactured a rude but serviceable bandage.

Toward the conclusion of his attentions the sufferer began to show signs of returning animation. He stirred restlessly, whimpered a little and sighed. And Kirkwood in consternation got up.

"So!" he commented ruefully. "I guess I am an ass, all right, taking all that trouble for you, my friend. If I've got a grain of sense left, this is my cue to leave you alone in your glory."

He was lingering only to restore to the boy's pockets such articles as he had removed in the search for matches—the matchbox, a few silver coins, a bulky sovereign purse, a handsome plain gold watch, and so forth. But ere he concluded he was aware that the boy was conscious; that his eyes, open and blinking in the candlelight, were upon him.

They were blue eyes—blue and shallow as a doll's and edged with long, fine lashes. Intelligence of a certain degree was rapidly informing them. Kirkwood returned their questioning glance, transfixed in indecision. His primal impulse to cut and run for it was gone. He had nothing to fear from this child, who could not prevent his going whenever he chose to go, while by remaining he might perchance worm from him something about Dorothy.

"You're feeling better?" He was almost surprised to hear his own voice put the query.

"I—I think so. Ow, my head! I say, you chap, whoever you are, what's happened? I want to get up." The boy added peevishly, "Help a fellow, can't you?"

"You've had a nasty fall," Kirkwood observed evenly, passing an arm beneath the boy's shoulder and helping him to a sitting position. "Do you remember?"

The other snuffled childishly and scrubbed across the floor to rest his back against the wall.

"Why-y, I remember fallin', and then I woke up, and it was all dark, and my head achin' fit to split. I presume I went to sleep again. I say, what're you doin' here?"

Instead of replying Kirkwood lifted a warning finger.

"Hush!" he said tensely, alarmed by noises in the street. "You don't suppose"—

He had been conscious of a carriage rolling up from the corner as well as that it had drawn up (presumably) before a nearby dwelling. Now the rattle of a key in the hall door was startlingly audible. Before he could move the door itself opened with a slam.

Kirkwood moved toward the stairhead and drew back, with a cry of disgust. "Too late," he told himself bitterly. His escape was cut off. He could run upstairs and hide, of course, but the boy would inform against him and—

He buttoned up his coat, settled his hat on his head and moved near the candle, where it rested on the floor. One glimpse would suffice to show him the force of the intruders and one move of his foot put out the light; then—perhaps—he might be able to rush them.

Below a brief pause had followed the noise of the door, as if those entering were standing, irresolute, undecided which way to turn, but abruptly enough the glimmer of candlelight must have been noticed. Kirkwood heard a hushed exclamation, a quick clatter of heels on the parquetry, pattering feet on the stairs, all but drowned by swish and ripple of silken skirts, and a woman stood at the head of the flight—to the American an apparition profoundly amazing as she paused, the light from the floor casting odd, theatric shadows beneath her eyes and over her brows, edging her eyes themselves with brilliant light beneath their dark lashes, showing her lips straight and drawn and shimmering upon the spangles of an evening gown, visible beneath the dark cloak which had fallen back from her white, beautiful shoulders.

CHAPTER XI.

"MRS. HALLAM!" cried Kirkwood beneath his breath.

The woman ignored his existence. Moving swiftly forward, she dropped on both knees by the side of the boy and caught up one of his hands, clasping it passionately in her own.

"Fred!" she cried, a curious break in her tone. "My little Freddie! Oh, what has happened, dearie?"

"Oh, hello, mamma!" grunted that young man, submitting listlessly to her caresses and betraying no overwhelming surprise at her appearance there. Indeed, he seemed more concerned as to what Kirkwood, an older man, would be thinking to see him so endeared and fondled than moved by any other emotion. Kirkwood could see his shamefaced, sidelong glances and despised him properly for them.

But without attending to his response Mrs. Hallam rattled on in the uneven accents of excitement. "I waited until I couldn't wait any longer, Freddie, dear. I had to know, had to come. Eccles came home about 9 and said that you had told him to wait outside, that some one had followed you in here and that a bobby had told him to move on. I didn't know what"—

"What's o'clock now?" her son interrupted.

"It's about 3, I think. Have you hurt yourself, dear? Oh, why didn't you come home? You must have known I was dying of anxiety!"

"Oh, I say! Can't you see I'm hurt? Had a nasty fall and must 've been asleep ever since."

"My precious one! How"—

"Can't say, hardly. I say, don't paw a chap so, mamma. I brought Eccles along and told him to wait, because—well, because I didn't feel so much like shuttin' myself up in this beastly old tomb. So I left the door ajar and told him not to let anybody come in. Then I came upstairs. There must 've been somebody already in the house. I know I thought there was. It made me feel creepy rather. At any rate, I heard voices down below, and the door banged, and somebody began hammerin' like fun on the knocker."

"Have you hurt yourself, dear?"

The boy paused, rolling an embarrassed eye up at the stranger.

"Yes, yes, dear!" Mrs. Hallam urged him on.

"Why, I—I made up my mind to cut my stick—let whoever it was pass me on the stairs, you know. But he followed me and struck me, and then I jumped at him, and we both fell down the whole flight. And that's all. Besides, my head's achin' like everything."

"But this man"—

Mrs. Hallam looked up at Kirkwood, who bowed silently, struggling to hide both his amusement and perplexity.

"You, Mr. Kirkwood!"

Again he bowed, grinning awry.

She rose suddenly. "You will be good enough to explain your presence here," she informed him, with dangerous serenity.

"To be frank with you"—

"I advise that course, Mr. Kirkwood."

"Thanks, awf'ly. I came here half an hour ago looking for a lost purse, full—well, not quite full of sovereigns. It was my purse, by the way."

Suspicion glinted like foxfire in the cold green eyes beneath her puckered brows. "I do not understand," she said slowly and in level tones.

"I didn't expect you to," returned Kirkwood. "No more do I. But, anyway, it must be clear to you that I've done my best for this gentleman here." He paused, with an interrogative lift of his eyebrows.

"'This gentleman' is my son, Frederick Hallam. But you will explain"—

"Pardon me, Mrs. Hallam; I shall explain nothing at present. Permit me to point out that your position here—like mine—is, to say the least, anomalous." The random stroke told, as he could tell by the instant contraction of her eyes of a cat. "It would be best to defer explanations till a more convenient time, don't you think? Then, if you like, we can chant confidences in an antiphonal chorus. Just now your—er—son is not enjoying himself apparently, and the attention of the police had best not be called to this house too often in one night."

His levity seemed to displease and perturb the woman. She turned from him, with an impatient movement of her shoulders.

"Freddie, dear, do you feel able to walk?"

"Eh? Oh, I dare say—I don't know. Wonder would your friend—ah—Mr Kirkwood, lend me an arm?"

"Charmed," Kirkwood declared suavely, "if you'll take the candle, Mrs. Hallam."

"One moment," she interposed in confusion. "I won't keep you waiting." And, passing, with an averted face, she ran quickly upstairs to the second floor, taking the light with her. Its glow faded from the walls above, and Kirkwood surmised that she had entered the front bedchamber. For some moments he could hear her moving about. Once something scraped and bumped on the floor, as if a heavy bit of furniture had been moved.

Again there was a resounding thud that defied speculation, and this was presently followed by a dull clang of metal.

Eventually—it was not really long—there came the quick rush of Mrs. Hallam's feet along the upper hall, and the woman reappeared, one hand holding her skirts clear of her pretty feet as she descended in a rush that caused the candle's flame to flicker perilously.

Halfway down "Mr. Kirkwood!" she called tempestuously.

"Didn't you find it?" he countered blandly.

She stopped jerkily at the bottom, and after a moment of confusion "Find what, sir?" she asked.

"What you sought, Mrs. Hallam."

Smiling, he bore unflinching the prolonged inspection of her eyes, at once somber with doubt of him and flashing with indignation because of his impudence.

"You knew I wouldn't find it, then, didn't you?"

"I may have suspected you wouldn't."

Now he was sure that she had been searching for the gladstone bag. That evidently was the bone of contention. Calendar had sent his daughter for it, Mrs. Hallam her son. Dorothy had been successful. But, on the other hand, Calendar and Mrs. Hallam were unquestionably allies. Why, then——

"Where is it, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Madam, have you the right to know?"

Through another lengthening pause while they faced each other he marked again the curious contraction of her underlip.

"I have the right," she declared steadily. "Where is it?"

"How can I be sure?"

"Then you don't know!"

"Indeed," he interrupted, "I would be glad to feel that I ought to tell you what I know."

"What you know!"

The exclamation, low spoken, more an echo of her thoughts than intended for Kirkwood, was accompanied by a little shake of the woman's head, mute evidence to the fact that she was bewildered by his finesse. And this delighted the young man beyond measure, making him feel himself master of a difficult situation.

The woman would have led again, but young Hallam cut in none too courteously:

"I say, mamma, it's no good standin' here palaverin' like a lot of flats. Besides, I'm awf'ly knocked up. Let's get home and have it out there."

Instantly his mother softened. "My poor boy! Of course we'll go."

As they passed out Kirkwood shut the door, and at the same moment the little party was brought up standing by a gruff and authoritative summons:

"Just a minute, please, you there!"

"Aha!" said Kirkwood to himself. "I thought so. And he halted in unfeigned respect for the burly and impressive figure, garbed in blue and brass, barring the way to the carriage.

Mrs. Hallam showed less deference for the obstructionist. The assumed hauteur and impatience of her pose were artfully reflected in her voice as she rounded upon the bobby with an indignant demand, "What is the meaning of this, officer?"

"Precisely what I wants to know, ma'am," returned the man, unyielding beneath his respectful attitude. "I'm obliged to ask you to tell me what you were doing in that 'ouse. And what's the matter with this 'ere gentleman?" he added, with a dubious stare at young Hallam's bandaged head and rumpled clothing.

"Perhaps you don't understand," admitted Mrs. Hallam sweetly. "Of course—I see—it's perfectly natural. The house has been shut up for some time and"—

"Thank you, ma'am, that's just it. There was something wrong going on early in the evening, and I was told to keep an eye on the premises. It's duty, ma'am. I've got my report to make."

"The house," said Mrs. Hallam [illegible] the long suffering patience of [illegible] elucidating a perfectly plain [illegible] to a being of a lower [illegible]

(Continued on page 6).

WOMEN WHO NEVER LIVED.

Famous Women Who Never Existed Except Between Covers of Books.

Some of the world's most famous women never existed except between covers of books. For instance, Mrs. Malaprop, who was always saying things in the wrong way. When she was outlining her ideas of a young girl's education, she said: "I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes—or handle any mathematical, astronomical, or diabolical instruments.

"She should have a supercilious knowledge of accounts, and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of contagious countries." The famous character appears in Richard Brinsley Sheridan's comedy "The Rivals," which was first played at Covent Garden Theatre in 1775.

Another woman who is famous, although she never existed, is Mrs. Grundy. She is the pattern of propriety. In Tom Morton's play, "Speed the Plough," one of the characters is jealous of her neighbor, Mrs. Grundy, and her husband exclaims, impatiently: "Be quiet, woolye? Always ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears! What will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs. Grundy think?"

It was in that slight reference that the immortal Mrs. Grundy had her origin.

One of the most engaging characters in Dickens' novel is Dolly Varden, who, in the 'seventies of last century, gave her name to bonnets and frocks.

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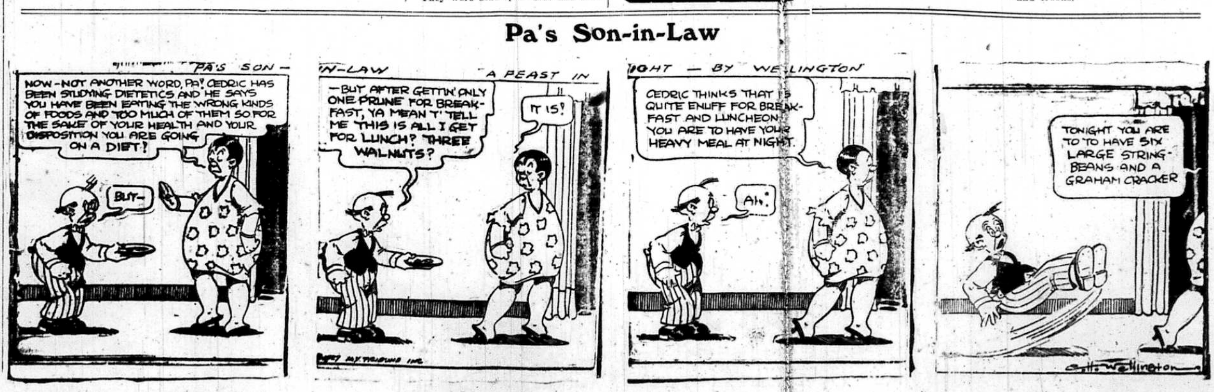

PA'S SON-IN-LAW — A FEAST IN NIGHT — BY WELLINGTON
NOW—NOT ANOTHER WORD, PA! CEDRIC HAS BEEN STUDYING DIETETICS AND HE SAYS YOU HAVE BEEN EATING THE WRONG KINDS OF FOODS AND TOO MUCH OF THEM SO FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR HEALTH AND YOUR DISPOSITION YOU ARE GOING ON A DIET!
BUT—
—BUT AFTER GETTIN' ONLY ONE PRUNE FOR BREAKFAST, YA MEAN T' TELL ME THIS IS ALL I GET FOR LUNCH? THREE WALNUTS?
IT IS!
CEDRIC THINKS THAT IS QUITE ENUFF FOR BREAKFAST AND LUNCHEON. YOU ARE TO HAVE YOUR HEAVY MEAL AT NIGHT.
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WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

Former Napanee Man Smothered in Gas Filled Shed.

Indian Head, Sask., Nov. 14.—Two men met death in a gas filled pumphouse on the farm near here Saturday night. The victims, were A .S. Mahood, 65, farmer, formerly of Napanee, Ontario, and his hired man, John Kovock. Fumes from a pumping engine killed the men.

Indian Sent to Trial.

David Maracle, a 44-year-old Indian, residing on the Tyendinaga reservation, was committed for trial at the spring assizes at Belleville on a charge of attempted murder, at Deseronto on Wednesday afternoon. The preliminary hearing was held before Magistrate Bedford. Maracle is charged with shooting Terry Jaynes, a deaf and dumb 27-year-old Indian, on a farm owned by David Maracle on the night of the 16th of October. B. C. Donan acted as crown prosecutor, and U. M. Wilson, of Napanee, defended Maracle. Jaynes, the victim of the shooting, was the first witness, and gave his evidence through an interpreter, Geo. Stewart, a teacher for the Ontario School for the Deaf. Jaynes reviewed the story of going to Maracle's home on the night of October 16 for the purpose of buying a quart of liquor. Along with Edward Maracle, cousin of the accused, the two drank the contents and as a result words ensued between them. When Maracle and Jaynes prepared to leave David Maracle ordered young Jaynes from the house. In a scuffle David Maracle was knocked down by Jaynes and the former ran into the house and procured a rifle. He is alleged to have shot at Jaynes from a distance of 14 feet, a portion of the charge lodging in the side of Jaynes' head. He exhibited scars on the side of his head where the bullet entered.

Edward Maracle, the other member of the party, was the only other witness called. He substantiated a story as told by Jaynes and said that he tried to part the pair in the scuffle. David Maracle was taken back to Hastings county jail at Belleville, where he will await his trial in the spring.

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9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "The Call to Special Christian Service."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "Is Church Going, Theatre Going ?"
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

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WILSON'S HARDWARE.

CHURCH WOMEN'S GUILD

Warning to Chicken Thieves.

An amendment to the Criminal Code which would make chicken stealing punishable by imprisonment instead of by fine, is sought by Hon. W. H .Price, Ontario attorney-general, who stated on Saturday that he had secured a promise from Hon. Ernest Lapointe, minister of justice in the federal government, to pass legislation permitting a more drastic penalty for this crime. Mr. Price pressed the matter of imprisonment for chicken thieves while he was attending the Dominion-Provincial conference in Ottawa.

BAZAAR AND EUCHRE

Queen's University.

The Department of Extension, of Queen's University, Kingston, is issuing invitations to a series of public lectures to be given in the Physics lecture room at 8 p. m., on the following dates :

Tuesday, Nov. 15—Minerals,—Man's Working Materials—Prof. E. L. Bruce.
Monday, Nov. 21 — Canada's Fuel Supply—Prof. Bruce Rose.
Monday, Nov. 28—The Creation of Ore Deposits—Prof. M. B. Baker.
Monday, Dec. 5—From Prospect to Mine—Prof. S. N. Graham.
Monday, Dec. 12—Gold and its Extraction From Ores—Prof. G. J. MacKay.
Monday, Dec. 19—Mines and our National Future—Prof. W. A. Mackintosh.

Armistice Day Observed.

"Armistice" Day was celebrated in Napanee on Sunday afternoon, when the officers and members of "B" Company, Frontenac Regiment, under the command of Capt. H. L. Babcock, paraded to the County Memorial, headed by the Napanee band. A program was arranged with W. P. Woodger as chairman, assisted by Rev. Father O'Connor, Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Rev. H. Pawson, Rev. A. J. Wilson and Ensign Howe, and a firing party from the regiment. Wreaths from Union Lodge A.F. & A.M., Argyll and Napanee Lodges, I.O.O.F., B. Co., Frontenac Regiment, and the I.O. D.E., besides private offerings, were placed around the monument.

TUESDAY, NOV. 22ND

The annual Bazaar, given by the ladies of the Church Women's Guild of St. Mary Magdalene, will be held in the Town Hall, on Tuesday, November 22nd, beginning at 11 o'clock a.m. Articles of all description, suitable for Christmas and other gifts, will be on sale ; also tables laden with Home Cooking and Candy. Afternoon Tea will be served by the ladies, and in the evening, at 8 o'clock, a Progressive Euchre will be held, to which a cordial invitation is extended to all, and at which refreshments will be served. A novel feature of the Bazaar will be a Bargain Department, which will be in the Council Chamber, where all kinds of used clothing and other articles will be on sale for a fraction of their value.

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Saturday, 8 p.m.—Praise service.
Sunday, 11 a.m.—Holiness service.
2 p.m.—Bible Class and Company Meeting.
7.30 p.m.—Evangelistic service.
A hearty welcome to all.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R .J. Merriam, Pastor

Anderson Church : Sunday School 9.30 a.m. ; Public Worship 11 a.m.
Sand Hill Church : Sunday School 1.30 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Gretna Church—Sunday School 10 a.m. ; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :
10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

St. John's Selby—
2.30—Evening Prayer and sermon.

Cello-Glass.

For your poultry houses. Sold at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Napanee Women's Institute.

A specially interesting program was arranged for the November meeting held as usual in the classroom of the Department of Agriculture. Mrs. Ralph Ham, who attended the regular meeting of the Local Council of Women in Kingston, brought an interesting report, emphasizing the importance of a federation of women's organizations. Mrs. Wagar's excellent paper on Current Events was thorough and full of news and interest. Mrs. Douglas gave a synopsis of the Women's Institute Convention, held in Kingston Nov. 2nd and 3rd, hearing which many more members wished they could have attended. Then the speaker of the afternoon, Miss Grange of the C.I. staff, gave a very fine talk on "Canadian Women of Note." The women of early Canada comprised less than half the population, but they did quite half of the work. Miss Grange dealt chiefly with Madame Hebert, who founded the first home in Quebec, which to Champlain was a flower of hope ; Mother Marie of the Incarnation, founder of the Ursuline order ; Madeleine de Vercheres and Laura Secord, and intensely interesting were the tales of their pioneer efforts. The meeting closed with the National Anthem.

MacLeod—Parks.

An interesting wedding, and one of the prettiest in detail, took place on Saturday evening, November 12th, at 8 p.m., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Okel B. Parks, "Palace Road," Napanee, when their youngest daughter, Hazel Aldeen, was married to Mr. Donald J. MacLeod, M.A., only son of Mrs. John and the late John MacLeod, of Dunvegon, Ontario. Rev. Harry Pawson was the officiating clergyman. At the strains of the wedding march from "Mendelssohn," played by the bride's sister, Mrs. Stanley Sexsmith, who wore rust georgette with lace and hat to match, the bride entered the drawing-room becomingly gowned in white French chiffon velvet, enriched with rhinestone trimming in a penwork design, and wore a veil of embroidered tulle arranged very attractively with orange blossoms and seed pearls. She wore silver slippers and carried a shower bouquet of sweetheart roses and lily of the valley. The only ornament worn was a white gold wrist watch set with diamonds, the gift of the groom. Miss Carolyn Campbell, of Toronto, was bridesmaid, wearing a graceful gown of channel blue transparent velvet and Swiss georgette with silver lace and tulle hat to match. With this she wore silver slippers and carried a bouquet of Ophelia roses. Dr. John MacLeod, of New York City, cousin of the groom, was best man. During the signing of the register, Mr. Harold Collier, of Kingston, cousin of the bride, sang "Until." Following the ceremony, the bride and groom received in a bower of yellow and mauve mums made particularly attractive by a large sheaf of premier roses and lily of the valley, the gift of the Rotary Club, Fredericton, N.B. Mrs. Parks, mother of the bride, was gowned in black silk chiffon velvet, with gold lace, and wore a corsage bouquet of American beauty roses. Mrs. Samuel Collier ,of Picton, wore rose flowered charmeuse, with black jets and corsage bouquet of premier roses. The mother of the bride, assisted by Mrs. Collier, received with the bride and groom. A dainty buffet luncheon was served to almost seventy guests by Mrs. Ross Card, Miss Florence Parks and Miss Helen Sexsmith. The groom's gifts to the bridesmaid and pianist were bar-pins, to the best man gold cuff links and to the soloist a gold Eversharp pencil. Later Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod left for a trip to Buffalo and points west, the bride travelling in a smart costume of blue and grey, with hat and shoes to match. On their return they will reside at 158 Charlotte St., Fredericton, N.B. Mr .MacLeod has a responsible position as plant pathologist for the provinces of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The out-of-town guests were Mrs. Edna Collier, Ottawa ; Mrs. Samuel Collier, Picton ; Mr. Harold Collier, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Percy, Miss Hethro Percy, Kingston ; Mrs. McQueen and Miss Margaret MacLeod, Dunvegon, Ontario ; Mr .and Mrs. Dixon, Montreal.

Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.

EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof .Baird.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
The pastor will preach.

OUR GOLDEN FUTURE

ENGLISH WRITER'S IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA.

What Do the Coming Years Hold For This Great New Land, With Its Boundless Natural Resources and Splendid Sons — Mortgaging the Future.

Canada is a self-governing Dominion, writes C. T. Cramp, General Industrial Secretary of the N. U. R., in Answers. It gives allegiance to the British crown and accepts a British Governor-General. But this is an allegiance freely given and not enforced.

In spite of economic affinity with the United States, the pride of race asserts itself, and does so with much greater emphasis than here in Great Britain. On the occasion of any public function, you will find a greater display of the Union Jack in one street in Toronto than in a whole city of the same size in the Old Country.

Yet in many respects the Canadian, in his habits and outlook is more American than British. He has the same aspirations to a high standard of life; the same regard for cleanliness and hygiene; the same willingness to "take a chance," confident that somehow or other he will manage to keep his head above water.

This last-mentioned trait is no doubt inherent in all pioneer peoples. But it can be carried too far when applied to domestic or national economy, where recklessness may mean that misfortune falls not merely upon the individual adventurer, but upon a whole family or community.

That is why I believe that a crisis may arise in the United States, which will have certain reactions in Canada during the next few years.

Canada has few large towns. At present the native-born Canadian strikes me as being the best example it is possible to meet of a healthy, well-informed mind in a healthy body.

The standard of education is high; the Canadian wage-earner will discuss with you almost any question of the day in an intelligent manner. What is more, he possesses a simple directness of outlook and speech which compares favorably with the second-hand thinking and cheap glib chatter which frequently characterizes the conversation of the average Londoner.

In other words, while he has the advantage of a good twentieth-century education, the Canadian is in direct touch with nature and the elementary facts of life, and for that reason is well equipped to distinguish between essentials and mere trimmings.

No doubt because of this, he is fairly immune from the mere crankiness which great prosperity seems to bring to sections of the American people. Secret societies, such as the Ku-Klux-Klan, while not unknown to Canada, are not seriously regarded there; and one does not encounter the religious hysteria which obtains in some parts of the States.

Prohibition also, at one time popular in Canada, is now giving place to control by the various Provincial Governments, though one is bound to say that the differing methods pursued by the provinces are bewildering to a stranger, and hardly understood by Canadians themselves.

In endeavoring to forecast Canada's future from the mentality of her people, I would always emphasize the fact that, from the wealthiest to the poorest, everyone thinks and talks in terms of development, and their thinking and talking is characterized by optimism.

They know they have great resources. They know they have energy; they are certain they will make good. They are proud of their race and their institutions. So they cannot quite understand the apparent lack of enthusiasm for their progress displayed by the Old Country.

"Come and see us and learn for yourselves!" is their cry.

In my judgment, no better course could be followed by those able to undertake the adventure. To journey for a few weeks through that vast and varied land is to add immensely to your education, and to make you impatient with the limited, parish-pump outlook of many of the publicists and politicians of to-day.

The clatter of tongues and the two-penny-ha'penny controversies of the older lands are missing, and you feel yourself in the presence of the real foundations upon which civilization rests, though the veneer and gloss of civilization may be absent.

When all our orators and theory-spinners have finished, when clever playwrights and brilliant novel-writers have charmed and provoked our imaginations, when Smart Society functions have diverted attention from the fundamentals of life, countries like Canada act as a reminder that the real wealth of nations consists of wheat and meat; of timber, leather, coal, iron, and all those other things without which not only the trimmings of life, but life itself could not exist.

It is good to come face to face with the realities of life. It is good to meet the brown-skinned, clear-eyed men of the ranches, the prairies, and the lumber camps. In my judgment, they are the forerunners of a splendid race, and the country in which they live will in time become the foremost in the world.

A Just Reward.

Magistrate: "You say this man has been convicted many times and you caught him stealing a gramophone from 'The Laurels,' constable! Very well, forty shillings!"

Constable: "What! A fine!"

"No, give him forty shillings from the poor-box. I live next door to 'The Laurels'!"

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES
AND MOULDINGS
145 80

For Sale.

One bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP.

Plow Shares.

To fit all makes of plows at THE M. B. MILLS CO.

48-tf

Auction Sale.

S. W. Clark, Auctioneer, will sell for Arch Denison, lot 16, con. 6, Township of Richmond, on Wednesday, Nov. 23rd, 1927, at 12 o'clock noon, 19 good cows, purebred cow, purebred bull, Samson tractor, manure spreader, 2 gasoline engines, Chevrolet car, and all the stock and machinery on the farm. Usual terms.

St. Andrew's W. M. S.

The November meeting of St. Andrew's W. M. S. was held on Friday last at 3 o'clock, a good attendance being present. Mrs. MacGregor read the Scripture reading, after which a missionary creed was read in unison. The minutes of the last meeting were read and the Treasurr's report given. After the collection was taken, Mrs. Thompson led in the dedicatory prayer. The second chapter of the Study Book, New Paths for Old Purposes, was read by Mrs. Valkman, after which a short prayer-service was held specially for Oriental women and children. Tea was then served by Mrs. Metcalfe and Mrs. MacGregor.

Successful Fowl Supper.

The annual fowl supper, held in Grace United Church on Monday evening, was an unqualified success. Notwithstanding that the weather was decidedly unfavorable, rain falling almost continually, such a large number of people were in attendance that it required three sittings before everyone had a chance to partake of the many good things provided by the ladies of the church.. After the supper, a most enjoyable programme was furnished in the auditorium of the church by local talent. It was nearing the hour of 8.30 before the program started. The artists contributing were : Mrs. Katherine Powell, Napanee's talented reader ; Mrs. B. M. Black, pianist and accompanist ; Mrs. B. Seymour, Mrs. C. D. Black and Messrs. B. M. Black, C. A. Wiseman, C. D. Black and B. Seymour. Mr. Reg. Wiseman, who is studying music in Syracuse, and who is spending the Thanksgiving holidays at his home here, also assisted with two delightful baritone solos. All the numbers were enthusiastically received, practically every number receiving an encore. Five hundred and sixty tickets for the supper and concert were sold, and altogether about six hundred partook of the fowl supper in the school room.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Charles Maguire, assistant director of "DANCE MAGIC," the First National Picture, with Ben Lyon and Pauline Starke co-featured.

Also a 2-reel Western.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor are featured in "THE BLUE EAGLE," Fox Films version of Gerald Beaumont's gripping story of the American Navy and gang wars in a great city.

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Alice Terry and Antonio Moreno enact the leading roles in "MARE NOSTRUM," and give one of the most delightful and sincere performances ever seen on the screen. During their motion pictur careers these two noted players have never appeared at such an advantage.

A 10 reel Special. One show only at 8 o'clock.

Also a two reel comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

**Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.**

For Sale.

One bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP.

Radio !

See and hear the latest triumph in Radio. The Rogers Batteryless, which operates from your electric light socket. No chemicals, no charges, no eliminators. Costs less than 5c. a week to operate.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

The Late John Williams.

John Williams, a well-known citizen of Napanee, died quite suddenly on Monday night. Mr. Williams, who had not been in very good health, met with an accident on Sunday evening, when he fell down stairs at his home, rendering him unconscious. He did not regain consciousness and passed away on Monday night. Deceased was a former well-known buyer of hogs and farm stock, retiring from the business a few years ago.

Asiatics 11.56 Per Cent.

Canadians and people of British origin represent 70.2 per cent. of the industrial population of British Columbia; natives of Continental Europe, 15.62 per cent.; Asiatics, 11.56; and people of other countries, 1.9 per cent.

Population of Hamilton, Ont.

Assessment returns now completed reveal Hamilton's population as having reached a total of 127,447.

Went to the United States.

Nearly 68,000 Canadians emigrated to the United States last year; 1,500 less than 1925.

FOR 9 YEARS GAS RUINED HER SLEEP

"I had stomach trouble 9 years, and gas made me restless and nervous. Adlerika helped so I can eat and sleep good."—Mrs. E. Touchstone. Just ONE spoonful Adlerika relieves gas and that bloated feeling so that you can eat and sleep well. Acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes old waste matter you never thought was there. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and bowels, Adlerika will surprise you. Wallace's Drug Store.

Did You Ever Stop to Think

—Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish ? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

—That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

—Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express
Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

The Black Bag

(Continued from page 3)

gence, "is the property of my son Arthur Frederick Burgoyne Hallam of Cornwall. This is"—

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but I was told Colonel George Burgoyne of Cornwall"—

"Colonel Burgoyne died some time ago. My son is his heir. This is my son. He came to the house this evening to get some property he desired and, it seems, tripped on the stairs and fell unconscious. I became worried about him and drove over, accompanied by my friend Mr. Kirkwood."

The policeman looked his troubled state of mind and wagged a doubtful head over the case. There was his duty, and there was, opposed to it, the fact that all three were garbed in the livery of the well to do.

At length, turning to the driver, he demanded, received and noted in his memorandum book the license number of the equipage.

"It's a very unusual case, ma'am," he apologized. "I 'opes you won't 'old it against me. I'm only trying to do my duty"—

"And safeguard our property. You are perfectly justified, officer."

"Thank you, ma'am. And would you mind giving me your cards, please, all of you?"

"Certainly not." Without hesitation the woman took a little hand bag from the seat of the carriage and produced a card. Her son likewise found his case and handed the officer an oblong slip.

"I've no cards with me," the American told the policeman. "My name, however, is Philip Kirkwood, and I'm staying at the Pless."

"Very good, sir; thank you." The man pencilled the information in his little book. "Thank you, ma'am, and Mr. Hallam, sir. Sorry to have detained you. Good morning."

Kirkwood helped young Hallam into the carriage, gave Mrs. Hallam his hand and followed her. The man Eccles shut the door, mounting the box beside the driver. Immediately they were in motion.

CHAPTER XII.

THE American got a final glimpse of the bobby, standing in front of No. 9 Frognall street and watching them with an air of profound uncertainty. He had Kirkwood's sympathy therein, but he had little time to feel with him, for Mrs. Hallam turned upon him very suddenly.

"Mr. Kirkwood, will you be good enough to tell me who and what you are?"

The young man smiled his homely, candid smile. "I'll be only too glad, Mrs. Hallam, when I feel sure you'll do as much for yourself."

She gave him no answer. It was as if she were choosing words. Kirkwood braced himself to meet the storm, but none ensued. There was rather a lull, which strung itself out indefinitely to the monotonous music of hoofs and rubber tires.

The carriage stopped before a house with lighted windows. Eccles jumped down from the box and scurried to open the front door.

They were returned to Craven street! "One more lap round the track!" mused Kirkwood. "Wonder will the next take me back to Bermondsey Old Stairs."

At Mrs. Hallam's direction, Eccles ushered him into the smoking room, on the ground floor in the rear of the dwelling, there to wait while she helped her son upstairs and to bed. He sighed with pleasure at first glimpse of its luxurious but informal comforts and threw himself carelessly into a heavily padded lounging chair dropping one knee over the other and lighting the last of his expensive cigars with a sensation of undiluted gratitude, as one coming to rest in the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. He was very sleepy.

Through the halls, on the stairs there were hurryings and scurryings of feet and skirts, confused with murmuring voices. Presently, in an adjoining room, Philip Kirkwood heard a maidservant wrestling hopefully with that most exasperating of modern time saving devices, the telephone as countenanced by our English cousins. Her patience and determination won his approval, but availed nothing for her purpose. In the outcome the telephone triumphed, and the maid gave up the unequal contest.

Later a butler entered the room, a short and sturdy fellow, extremely ill at ease. Drawing a small taboret to the side of Kirkwood's chair, he placed thereon a tray, deferentially imparting the information that "Mrs 'Allam 'as thought 'ow as Mr. Kirkwood might care for a bit of supper."

"Please thank Mrs. Hallam for me." Kirkwood's gratified eyes ranged the laden tray. There were sandwiches biscuit, cheese and a pot of black coffee, with sugar and cream. "It was very kindly thought of," he added.

"Very good, sir; thank you, sir."

The man turned to go, shuffling soundlessly. Kirkwood was suddenly impressed with his evasiveness. Ever since he had entered the room his countenance had seemed turned from the guest.

"Eccles!" he called sharply at a venture.

The butler halted, thunderstruck. "Ye-es, s-sir!"

"Turn round, Eccles. I want a look at you."

Eccles faced him unwillingly with a stolid front, but shifty eyes. Kirkwood glanced him up and down, grinning.

"Thank you, Eccles. I'll remember you now. You'll remember me, too, won't you? You're a bad actor, aren't you, Eccles?"

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," mumbled the man unhappily and took instant advantage of the implied permission to go.

Intensely diverted by the recollection of Eccles' abortive attempt to stop him at the door of No. 9 and wondering, now that he came to think of it, why precisely young Hallam had deemed it necessary to travel with a bodyguard and adopt such furtive methods to enter into as well as to obtain what was asserted to be his own property, Kirkwood turned active attention to the lunch.

'Mr. Kirkwood might care for a bit of supper.'

Thoughtfully he poured himself a cup of coffee, swallowing it hot and black as it came from the silver pot, then munched the sandwiches.

It was kindly thought of, this early morning repast. Mrs. Hallam seemed more and more a remarkable woman with each phase of her character that she chose to disclose. At odds with him, she yet took time to think of his creature needs. Women, he propounded gravely, are queer. There's no telling anything about them.

One of the most unreadable specimens of the sex on which he pronounced this highly original dictum entered the room just then, and he found himself at once out of his chair and his dream, bowing.

"Mrs Hallam."

The woman nodded and smiled graciously. "Eccles has attended to your needs, I hope? Please don't stop smoking." She sank into an armchair on the other side of the hearth and, probably by accident, out of the radius of illumination from the lamp, sitting sidewise, one knee above the other, her white arms immaculate against the somber background of crimson.

She was very handsome, indeed, just then, though a keener light might have proved less flattering.

"Now, Mr. Kirkwood?" she opened briskly, with a second intimate and friendly nod, and paused, her pose receptive.

Kirkwood sat down again, smiling good natured appreciation of her unprejudiced attitude.

"Your son, Mrs Hallam"—

"Oh, Freddie's doing well enough Freddie," she explained, "has a delicate constitution and has seen little of the world. Such melodrama as tonight's is apt to shock him severely. We must make allowances, Mr. Kirkwood. I think," she said deliberately, "that it is time we came to an understanding."

Kirkwood agreed—"Yes," affably.

"I purpose being perfectly straightforward. To begin with, I don't place you, Mr. Kirkwood. You are an unknown quantity, a new factor. Won't you please tell me what you are and—are you a friend of Mr Calendar's?"

"I think I may lay claim to that honor, though"—to Kirkwood's way of seeing things some little frankness on his own part would be essential if they were to get on—"I hardly know him, Mrs. Hallam. I had the pleasure of meeting him only this afternoon."

She knitted her brows over this statement.

"That, I assure you, is the truth," he laughed.

"But I really don't understand."

"Nor I, Mrs. Hallam. Calendar aside, I am Philip Kirkwood, American, resident abroad for some years, a native of San Francisco, of a certain age, unmarried, by profession a poor painter."

"And?"

"Beyond that? I presume I must tell you, though I confess I'm in doubt." He hesitated, weighing candor in the balance with discretion.

"But who are you for? Are you in George Calendar's pay?"

"Heaven forfend!" piously. "My sole interest at the present moment is to unravel a most entrancing mystery."

"Entitled 'Dorothy Calendar,' of course. You've known her long?"

"Eight hours, I believe," he admitted gravely—"less than that, in fact."

"Miss Calendar's interests will not suffer through anything you may tell me."

"Whether they will or no, I see I must swing a looser tongue or you'll be showing me the door."

The woman shook her head, amused. "Not until," she told him significantly.

"Very well, then." And he launched into an abridged narrative of the night's events as he understood them, touching lightly on his own circumstances, the real poverty which had brought him back to Craven street by way of Frognall. "And there you have it all, Mrs. Hallam."

"It is so like Calendar," she exclaimed, "so like him that one sees how foolish it was to trust—no, not to trust, but to believe—that he could ever be thrown off the scent once he got nose to ground. So if we suffer, my son and I, I shall have only myself to thank!"

Kirkwood waited in patient attention till she chose to continue. When she did, "Now for my side of the case!" cried Mrs Hallam and, rising began to pace the room, her slender and rounded figure swaying gracefully the while she talked.

"George Calendar is a scoundrel," she said, "a swindler, gambler—what I believe you Americans call a confidence man. He is also my late husband's first cousin. Some years since he found it convenient to leave England, likewise his wife and daughter. Mrs Calender—a countrywoman of yours, by the bye—died shortly afterward. Dorothy, by the merest accident, obtained a situation as private secretary in the household of the late Colonel Burgoyne of The Cliffs, Cornwall. You follow me?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Colonel Burgoyne died, leaving his estates to my son, some time ago. Shortly afterward Dorothy Calendar disappeared. We know now that her father took her away, but then the disappearance seemed inexplicable, especially since with her vanished a great deal of valuable information. She alone knew of the location of certain of the old colonel's personal effects.

"He was an eccentric. One of his peculiarities involved the secreting of valuables in odd places. He had no faith in banks. Among these valuables were the Burgoyne family jewels—quite a treasure, believe me, Mr. Kirkwood. We found no note of them among the colonel's papers and without Dorothy were powerless to pursue a search for them. We advertised and employed detectives, with no result. It seems that father and daughter were at Monte Carlo at the time."

"Beautifully circumstantial, my dear lady," commented Kirkwood to his inner consciousness. Outwardly he maintained consistently a pose of impassive gullibility.

"This afternoon for the first time we received news of the Calendars. Calendar himself called upon me to beg a loan. I explained our difficulty, and he promised that Dorothy should send us the information by the morning's post. When I insisted he agreed to bring it himself after dinner this evening. I make it quite clear?" she interrupted, a little anxious.

"Scotland Yard," he told her bluntly.

"Quite clear, I assure you," he assented encouragingly.

"Strangely enough, he had not been gone ten minutes when my son came in from a conference with our solicitors, informing me that at last a memorandum had turned up, indicating that the heirlooms would be found in a safe secreted behind a dresser in Colonel Burgoyne's bedroom."

"At No. 9 Frognall street."

"Yes. I proposed going there at once, but it was late, and we were dining at the Pless with an acquaintance, a Mr Mulready, whom I now recall as a former intimate of George Calendar. To our surprise, we saw Calendar and his daughter at a table not far from ours. Mr Mulready betrayed some agitation at the sight of Calendar and told me that Scotland Yard had a man out with a warrant for Calendar's arrest on old charges. For old sake's sake Mr. Mulready begged me to give Calendar a word of warning. I did so—foolishly, it seems. Calendar was at that moment planning to rob us, Mulready aiding and abetting him."

The woman paused before Kirkwood, looking down upon him. "And so," she concluded, "we have been tricked and swindled. I can scarcely believe it of Dorothy Calendar."

"I, for one, don't believe it." Kirkwood spoke quickly, rising. "Whatever the culpability of Calendar and Mulready, Dorothy was only their hoodwinked tool."

"But, Mr Kirkwood, she must have known the jewels were not hers."

"Yes," he assented passively, but wholly unconvinced.

"And what," she demanded, with a gesture of exasperation—"what would you advise?"

"Scotland Yard," he told her bluntly.

"But it's a family secret. It must not appear in the papers. Don't you understand? George Calendar is my husband's cousin!"

"I can think of nothing else unless you pursue them in person."

"But whither?"

"That remains to be discovered. I can tell you nothing more than I have. May I thank you for your hospitality, express my regrets that I should unwittingly have been made the agent of this disaster and wish you good night or, rather, good morning, Mrs. Hallam?"

For a moment she held him under a calculating glance, which he withstood with graceless fortitude. Then, realizing that he was determined not by any means to be won to her cause, she gave him her hand, with a commonplace wish that he might find his affairs in better order than seemed probable, and rang for Eccles.

The butler showed him out.

"Well," appreciated Mr. Kirkwood, with gusto, "she's got Ananias and Sapphira talked to a standstill, all right!" He ruminated over this for a moment. "Calendar can lie some, too, but hardly with her picturesque touch. Uncommon ingenious, I call it. All the same, there were only about a dozen bits of tiling that didn't fit into her mosaic a little bit. I think they're all tarred with the same stick—all but the girl. And there's something afoot a long sight more devilish and crafty than that shilling shocker of madam's. Dorothy Calendar's got about as much active part in it as I have. I'm only from California, but they've got to show me before I'll believe a word against her. Those infernal scoundrels! Somebody's got to be on the girl's side, and I seem to have drawn the lucky straw. Good heavens! Is it possible for a grown man to fall heels over head in love in two short hours? I don't believe it. It's just interest—nothing more. And I'll have to have a change of clothes before I can do anything further."

He struck across town as directly as might be for St. Pancras station. It would undoubtedly be a long walk, but cabs were prohibited by his straitened means, and the buses were all abed and wouldn't be astir for hours.

He strode along rapidly, finding his way more through intuition than by observation or familiarity with London's geography—indeed, was scarce aware of his surroundings, for his brain was big with fine imagery, rapt in a glowing dream of knight errantry and chivalric deeds.

CHAPTER XIII.

KIRKWOOD wasted little time. He had not much to waste were he to do that upon whose doing he had set his heart. It irked him sore to have to lose the invaluable moments demanded by certain imperative arrangements, but his haste was such that all was consummated within an hour.

Within the period of a single hour, then, he had ransomed his luggage at St. Pancras, caused it to be loaded upon a four wheeler and transferred to a neighboring hotel of evil flavor, but moderate tariff, where he engaged a room for a week, ordered an immediate breakfast and retired with his belongings to his room. He had shaved and changed his clothes, selecting a serviceable suit of heavy tweeds, stout shoes, a fore and aft cap and a negligee shirt of a deep shade, calculated at least to seem clean for a long time. Finally he had devoured his bacon and eggs, gulped down his coffee and burned his mouth and, armed with a stout stick, set off hotfoot in the still dim glimmering of early day.

By this time his cash capital had dwindled to the sum of £2 10s. 8d. and would have been much less had he paid for his lodging in advance.

At King's Cross station on the underground an acute disappointment awaited him. There likewise he learned something about London. A sympathetic bobby informed him that no trains would be running until after 5:30 and that, furthermore, no buses would begin to ply until half after 7.

"It's tramp it or cab it, then," mused the young man mournfully, his longing gaze seeking a nearby cab rank, just then occupied by a solitary hansom, driver somnolent on the box. "Officer"—he again addressed the policeman, mindful of the English axiom, "When in doubt ask a bobby"—"officer, when's high tide this morning?"

The bobby produced a well worn pocket almanac, moistened a massive thumb and rippled the pages.

"London bridge, 'igh tide twenty minutes arfter 6, sir," he announced, with a glow of satisfaction wholly pardonable in one who combines the functions of perambulating almanac, guidebook, encyclopedia and conserver of the peace.

Kirkwood said something beneath his breath, a word in itself a comfortable mouthful and wholesome and emphatic. He glanced again at the cab and groaned, "O Lord, I just dassent!" with which, thanking the bureau of information, he set off rapidly down Grey's Inn road to find the Alethea before she sailed. Proceeding upon the working hypothesis that Mrs. Hallam was a polished liar in most respects, but had told the truth so far as concerned her statement to the effect that the gladstone bag contained valuable property, whose ownership remained a moot question, though Kirkwood was definitely committed to the belief that it was none of Mrs. Hallam's or her son's, he reasoned that the two adventurers, with Dorothy and their booty, would attempt to leave London by a water route in the ship Alethea, whose name had fallen from their lips at Bermondsey Old Stairs.

Kirkwood's initial task, then, would be to find the needle in the haystack. The metaphor is poor—more properly, to sort out from the hundreds of vessels of all descriptions at anchor in midstream, moored to the wharfs of longshore warehouses or in the gigantic docks that line the Thames, that one called Alethea, of which he was so deeply mired in ignorance that he could not say whether she were tramp steamer, coastwise passenger boat, one of the liners that ply between Tilbury and all the world, channel ferryboat, private yacht (steam or sail), schooner, four master, square rigger, bark or brigantine.

London had turned over once or twice and was pulling the bedclothes over its head and grumbling about getting up, but the city was still sound asleep, when at length he paused for a minute's rest in front of the Mansion House and realized, with a pang of despair, that he was completely tuckered out.

With a sigh he surrendered to the flesh's frailty. An early cabby, cruising up from Cannon street station on the off chance of finding some one astir in the city aside from the doves and sparrows, suffered the surprise of his life when Kirkwood halted him.

"Jump in, sir," he told Kirkwood cheerfully as soon as he had assimilated the latter's demands. "I knows precisely wotcher wants. Leave it all to me."

The admonition was all but superfluous. Kirkwood was unable for the time being to do aught else than resign his fate into another's guidance. Once in the cab he slipped insensibly into a nap and slept soundly on, as reckless of the cab's swift pace and continuous bouncing as of the sunlight glaring full in his tired young face.

He may have slept twenty minutes. He awoke faint with drowsiness, tingling from head to toe from fatigue and in distress of a queer qualm in the pit of his stomach, to find the hansom at rest and the driver on the step, shaking his fare with kindly determination. "Oh, a' right," he assented surlily and by sheer force of will made himself climb out to the sidewalk, where, having rubbed his eyes, stretched enormously and yawned discourteously in the face of the east end, he was once more himself and a hundred times refreshed into the bargain. Contentedly he counted 3 shillings into the cabby's palm, the fare named being one and six.

"The shilling over and above the tip is for finding me the waterman and boat," he stipulated.

"Right-o! You'll mind the 'orse a minute, sir?"

Kirkwood nodded. The man touched his hat and disappeared inexplicably. Kirkwood, needlessly attaching himself to the reins near the animal's head, pried his sense of observation open and became alive to the fact that he stood in a quarter of London as strange to him as had been Bermondsey wall.

To this day he cannot put a name to it. He surmises that it was Wapping. His cabby popped hurriedly out of the entrance to a tenement, a dull visaged, broad shouldered waterman ambling more slowly after.

"Nevvy of mine, sir," announced the cabby, "and a fust ryte waterman. Knows the river like a book, he do."

The nephew touched his forelock sheepishly.

"Thank you," said Kirkwood, and, turning to the man, "Your boat?" he asked, with the brevity of weariness.

"This wye, sir."

At his guide's heels Kirkwood threaded the crowd and then descended to a floating stage to which a heavy rowboat lay moored. In the latter a second waterman was seated, bailing out bilge with a rusty can.

"'Ere we are, sir," said the cabman's nephew, pausing at the head of the steps. "Now, where's it to be?"

The American explained tersely that he had a message to deliver to a friend who had shipped aboard a vessel known as the Alethea, scheduled to sail at flood tide, further than which deponent averred naught.

The waterman scratched his head. "A 'ard job, sir. Not knowin' wot kind of a boat she are mykes it 'arder." He waited hopefully.

"Ten shillings," volunteered Kirkwood promptly—"10 shillings if you get me aboard her before she weighs anchor, 15 if I keep you out more than an hour and still you put me aboard. After that we'll make other terms."

The man promptly turned his back to hail his mate. "'Arf a quid, Bob, if we puts this gent aboard a wessel name o' Allytheer afore she syles at turn o' tide."

In the boat the man with the bailing can turned up an impassive countenance. "Coom down." He clinched the bargain and set about shipping the sweeps.

Bows swinging downstream, the boat shot out from the shore.

"How's the tide?" demanded Kirkwood, his impatience growing.

"On th' turn, sir," he was told.

For a long moment broadside to the current, the boat responded to the sturdy pulling of the port sweeps. Another moment and it was in full swing, the watermen bending lustily to their task. Ship after ship was passed, and in keen anxiety lest he should overlook the right one Kirkwood searched their bows and sterns for names, which in more than one case proved hardly legible.

The Alethea was not of their number.

In the course of some ten minutes the watermen drove the boat sharply inshore, bringing her up alongside another floating stage, in the shadow of another tenement, both so like those from which they had embarked that Kirkwood would have been unable to distinguish one from another.

In the bows old Bob lifted up a stentorian voice, summoning one William.

In answer to the third ear racking hail a man, clothed simply in dirty shirt and disreputable trousers, showed himself in the doorway above, rubbing the sleep out of a red, bloated countenance with a mighty and grimy fist.

"'Ello," he said surlily. "Wot's th' row?"

"'Oo," interrogated old Bob, holding the boat steady by grasping the stage, "was th' party wot engyged yer larst night, Bill?"

"Party name o' Allytheer," growled the drowsy one. "W'y?"

"Party 'ere's lookin' for 'im. Where will I find this Allytheer?"

"Best look sharp 'r yer won't find 'im," retorted the one above. "'E was at anchor off Bow creek larst night."

Kirkwood's heart leaped in hope. "What sort of vessel was she?" he asked, half rising in his eagerness.

"Brigantine, sir."

And again the boat was flying down in midstream, the leaden water, shot with gold of the morning sun, parting sullenly beneath its bows. Hugging the marshy shore, they rounded the

(Continued on page 6)

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"BANG GAED SAXPENCE."

Story of How Scots' Expression Came Into Being.

The Scots expression "Bang gaed saxpence" has been accounted for in many and varied ways. Now comes a writer who tells in the columns of the Weekly Scotsman, the really and truly original story.

The man whose first use of it made him immortal was one Wullie Nicol, of Auchtermuchty, in Fife. From his boyhood he had a love for the bawbees, and hearing that the streets of London were paved with gold he walked all the way from Scotland to the great city.

Observing what looked like a cheap eating-house, he entered therein, and astonished the buxom waitress by saying: "A say lassie, jist fetch me a guid bicker o' parritch," and placed "two bawbees" on the counter. To the girl Wullie might as well have spoken French, as she did not understand one word he had said. She called the head waiter: "Jim, come and attend this foreigner!"

This hurt Wullie Nicol's feelings dreadfully. "I'm nae foreigner" he bawled out; "A'm jist a douce buddie frae Auchtermuchty in Fife!" The waiter seemed as much perplexed as the girl had been. "Now, then, young fellow my lad, none o' that swearin' here, or out you go on all fours!"

"Ye're a gey queer lot, you Londoners!" Wullie went on. "A'm frae Fife in Scotland, whaur the whisky comes frae. D'ye ken noo wha I am?"

At length it began to dawn on the waiter that the big-boned youth came from Scotland and was wanting whisky!

"Sorry, Scottie, but yer cawn't have any whisky 'ere. Two doors further dahn!"

"But A'm no' wantin' whisky. A'm wantin' parritch!" persisted Wullie.

"Wot's he mean, Nell?" asked the waiter of the girl.

"'E wants the parish!" replied the girl.

"Oh, I see!" said the waiter. "The parish; the Board o' Guardians 'e means. 'E wants a doss for the night."

By this time Wullie Nicol was getting very desperate, so, pointing to the "twa bawbees" he had laid on the counter, and then to the bottom of his waistcoat, he bawled out one word, "Hungry!"

A mug of coffee and a round of teacake, newly toasted, were laid before the hungry man. In the twinkling of an eye Wullie had demolished both, and felt like ordering treble the quantity. But prudence said, "No." He must ascertain first what it cost, so down again went the twa bawbees.

"Sixpence, Scottie, please!" said the man waiter, eyeing him suspiciously.

Wullie Nicol withdrew his old leather purse from his trousers pocket, and slowly drawing a "saxpence" therefrom, laid it grudgingly in the waiter's extended hand.

"Is there nae change back?" asked Wullie appealingly, but the waiter simply flung it disdainfully into the till by way of answer.

"Padded Cell" for Machinery.

The strangest "padded cell" in the world has just been completed at Manchester, England. Not intended for human occupancy, it is being used by an electric company to test high-speed machinery to the breaking point. Cushioned walls of reinforced concrete nine feet thick protect observers from fly-wheels and other machine parts that are likely to fly apart under terrific speed. Telescopes and fast camera lenses peer through holes in the wall to watch the tests.

Without such a cell these unique tests would be prohibited by their danger.

Are Becoming Meat-Eaters.

Canada is gradually becoming a nation of meat-eaters, with pork as the favorite joint. The average Canadian consumes considerably more than his own weight in meat every year.

New Women Reach 100.

Fewer than five womenn in every 10,000 ever reach 100 years old.

THOSE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

But Those Who Praise Them Forget That There Were No Bathrooms or Comfortable Easy-Chairs.

Every school-child can tell you the date when the first steam engine ran on a railway and when the electric telegraph came into being, but there is probably no one alive who knows the exact age of the teapot, the coal-scuttle, or the spring mattress. We take all our domestic comforts and conveniences so much for granted that we give no thought to their beginnings.

Many of them are quite modern. Take, for instance, the fixed bath. There is a print of the year 1813, says Answers, which shows a bathroom with a fixed bath and taps for hot and cold water, but this was in an hotel, and it was not until quite fifty years later that even the wealthiest people began to build bathrooms in their houses.

The armchair is a fairly ancient invention, but the really comfy chair, in which you can lie back and rest, is very modern. There were no such things in our grandfathers' time. Carpets are quite old, and so are clocks, but chimneys did not become common even in the best houses until the fourteenth century. As for the kitchen range it is little more than a hundred years old; yet already it is fast going out of date.

Sash windows, which add so much to the comfort of a house, were first used by Sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones, but did not become popular until the middle of the eighteenth century. It was also in the eighteenth century that houses were first numbered.

Visiting-cards are older than is generally supposed. German students in Italian universities started the custom of having cards printed to leave at the houses of their friends, and the oldest known bears the name "Joannes Westerhof Westphalus Scribebat. Patavie 4. Martii 1560." So visiting-cards have been with us for 367 years.

A dictionary of inventions states that the first lucifer match was made in 1829. We have, however, the sales book of John Walker, chemist of Durham, in which is stated that he sold lucifer matches at 1s. 6d. a box in the year 1827.

It is generally stated that postcards were invented in Belgium in the year 1868. But a New Zealand paper, the "Otago Daily Times," asserts that the postcard was the invention of Mr. S. N. Muir, captain of the Dunedin Volunteer Artillery, who used these cards first in 1865 or 1866.

Then, the first pillar-box for posting letters was erected at Greenford Green, Middlesex, somewhere about eighty years ago. This old box, now removed, is kept as a relic by the Records Committee of the General Post Office.

Still on the subject of the Post Office, money-orders were originated by three Post Office officials as a private speculation in 1792. No order was issued for less than five guineas, and the charge was four shillings and sixpence. The Post Office took over the system in 1838, but it was not until 1881 that ordinary postal orders were first issued.

One more invention which is popularly supposed to be modern is really quite old. This is shorthand writing. At the trial of King Charles I. notes were made in shorthand by a man named John Hinde.

Fry Distribution In Manitoba.

The Department of Marine and Fisheries announces a distribution of over 72,000,000 white-fish fry from their hatchery at Winnipegosis, Man. This is an increase of more than 21 per cent. over last year's figures. The fry were all planted out in good condition on suitable grounds in the lake over a wider area than in any previous year, some of the fry being taken as far north as Whiskeyjack island in the northern portion of Lake Winnipegosis.

Map of Jewels.

The Duke and Duchess of York have received a map of Mauritius, which they visited while on their Australian tour. The map is of silver, while diamonds mark the sugar factories and rubies the lighthouses round the coast.

The Black Bag

(Continued from page 5)

Blackwall point, the boatmen pulling hard. Young William looked to Kirkwood, caught his eye and nodded.

"Here?"

Kirkwood rose, balancing himself against the leap and sway of the boat.

"Sumwhere's 'long o' 'ere."

From right to left his eager glance swept the river's widening reach. Vessels were there in abundance, but no brigantine, no sailing vessel of any type.

The young man's lips checked a cry that was half a sob of bitter disappointment. He sat down suddenly. "She's gone!" he cried in a hollow gasp.

The tired boatmen eased upon their oars, and old Bob stood up in the bows, scanning the riverscape with keen eyes shielded by a level palm. The boat drifted listlessly with the current.

Old Bob panted. "Dawn't—see—nawthin'—o' 'er." He resumed his seat.

"There's no hope, I suppose?"

The elder waterman shook his head. "'Carn't sye. Might be round—nex' bend — might be — passin' Purfleet Point is—me an' young Wilyum 'ere—carn't do no more'n we 'as. We be wore out."

"Yes," Kirkwood assented, disconsolate. "You've certainly earned your pay." Then hope revived. He was very young in heart, you know. "Can't you suggest something? I've got to catch that ship!"

Old Bob wagged his head in slow negation; young William lifted his.

"There's a rylewye runs by Woolwich," he ventured. "Yer might tyke tryne an' go to Sheerness, sir. Yer'd be positive o' passin' 'er if she didn't syle afore 'igh tide. 'Ire a boat at Sheerness an' put out an' look for 'er."

Old Bob panted, "Dawn't—see—nawthin'."

"How far's Woolwich?" Kirkwood demanded instantly.

"Mile," said the elder man. "Tyke yer for five bob extry."

"Done!"

Young William dashed the sweat from his eyes, wiped his palms on his hips and fitted the sweeps again to the wooden tholes. Old Bob was as ready. With an inarticulate cry they gave way.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE old boatman seemed inclined toward optimism when the boat lay alongside a landing stage at Woolwich and Kirkwood had clambered ashore.

"Yer'll mebbe myke it," the waterman told him, with a weatherwise survey of the skies. "Wind's freshenin' from the east'rds, an' that'll 'old 'er back a bit, sir."

"Arsk th' wye to th' Dorkyard styshun," young William volunteered. "'Tis th' shortest walk, sir. I 'opes yer catches 'er. Thanky, sir."

He caught dexterously the sovereign which Kirkwood, in ungrudging liberality, spared them of his store of two. The American nodded acknowledgments and adieus, with a faded smile deprecating his chances of winning the race, sorely handicapped as he was. He was very, very tired and in his heart suspected that he would fail. But if he did he would at least be able to comfort himself that it was not for lack of trying. He set his teeth on that covenant in grim determination. Either there was a strain of the bulldog latent in the Kirkwood breed or else his infatuation gripped him more strongly than he guessed.

Yet he suspected something of its power. He knew that this was altogether an insane proceeding and that the lure that led him on was Dorothy Calendar. A strange, dull light glowed in his weary eyes on the thought of her. He'd go through fire and water in her service. She was costing him dear, perhaps was to cost him dearer still, and perhaps there'd be for his guerdon no more than a "Thank you, Mr. Kirkwood!" at the end of the passage. But that would be no less than his deserts. He was not to forget that he was interfering unwarrantably. The girl was in her father's hands, surely safe enough there—to the casual mind. If her partnership in her parent's fortunes were distasteful she endured it passively, without complaint.

He decided that it was his duty to remind himself from time to time that his main interest must be in the game itself, in the solution of the riddle. Whatever should befall, he must look for no reward for his gratuitous and self appointed part. Indeed, he was all but successful in persuading himself that it was the fascination of adventure alone that drew him on.

A hapchance native whom he presently encountered furnished minute directions for reaching the Dockyard station of the Southeastern and Chatham railway, adding comfortable information to the effect that the next eastbound train would pass through in ten minutes—if Kirkwood would mend his pace he could make it easily, with time to spare.

Kirkwood mended his pace accordingly, but, contrary to the prediction, had no time to spare at all. Even as he stormed the ticket grating the train was thundering in at the platform. Therefore a nervous ticket agent passed him out a first class ticket instead of the third class he had asked for, and there was no time wherein to have the mistake rectified. Kirkwood planked down the fare, swore and sprinted for the carriages.

The first compartment whose door he perked violenly open proved to be occupied and was, moreover, not a smoking car. He received a fleeting impression of a woman's startled eyes staring into his own through a thin mesh of veiling, fell off the running board, slammed the door and hurled himself toward the next compartment. Here happier fortune attended upon his desire. The boxlike section was untenanted, and a notice blown upon the window glass announced that it was "Second Class Smoking." Kirkwood promptly fumbled in, and when he turned to shut the door the coaches were moving.

A pipe helped him to bear up while the train was making its two other stops in the borough of Woolwich. It consoled him little that none disputed with him his lonely possession of the compartment, that he had caught the Sheerness train or that he was really losing no time. A sense of deep dejection had settled down upon his consciousness, with a realization of how completely a fool's errand was this of his. He felt foredoomed to failure. He was never to see Dorothy Calendar again, and his brain seemed numb with disappointment. Presently he toppled limply over on the cushions and fell fast asleep.

Rattling and swaying, the train left the town behind.

Presently he put aside his pipe and stared blankly out at a reeling landscape, the pleasant, homely, smiling countryside of Kent. A deeper melancholy tinted his mind—Dorothy Calendar was forever lost to him. Presently he toppled limply over on the cushions and fell fast asleep.

• • • • • • • •

After a long time he seemed to realize rather hazily that the carriage door had been opened to admit somebody. Its smart closing bang shocked him awake. He sat up, blinking in confusion, hardly conscious of more, to begin with, than that the train had paused and was again in full flight. Then, his senses clearing, he became aware that his solitary companion, just entered, was a woman. She was seated across from him, her back to the engine, in an attitude which somehow suggested a highly nonchalant frame of mind. She laughed, and immediately her speaking voice was high and sweet in his hearing.

Beneath his breath the bewildered man said, "The deuce!" and above it, in a stupefied tone, "Mrs. Hallam!"

She nodded in a not unfriendly fashion, smiling brightly. "Myself, Mr. Kirkwood! Really our predestined paths are badly tangled just now, aren't they? Were you surprised to find me in here with you? Come, now, confess you were!"

He remarked the smooth, girlish freshness of her cheeks, the sense and humor of her mouth, the veiled gleam of excitement in her eyes of the changing sea, and saw as well that she was dressed for traveling, sensibly, but with an air, and had brought a small hand bag with her.

"Surprised and delighted," he replied, recovering, with mendacity so intentional and obvious that the woman laughed aloud.

"I knew you'd be! You see, I had the carriage ahead, the one you didn't take. I was so disappointed when you flung up to the door and away again. You didn't see me hanging half out the window to watch where you went, did you? That's how I discovered that your discourtesy was unintentional, that you hadn't recognized me—by the fact that you took this compartment right behind my own."

She paused invitingly, but Kirkwood, grown wary, contented himself with picking up his pipe and carefully knocking out the dottle on the window ledge.

"I was glad to see you," she affirmed, "but only partly because you were you, Mr. Kirkwood. The other and major part was because sight of you confirmed my own secret intuition. You see, I'm quite old enough and wise enough to question even my own intuitions. For you are going to Queensborough, aren't you, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Queensborough?" he echoed blankly, and, in fact, he was at a loss to follow her drift. "No, Mrs. Hallam; I'm not bound there."

Her surprise was apparent. She made no effort to conceal it. "But," she faltered, "if not there"—

"Give you my word, Mrs. Hallam, I have no intention whatever of going to Queensborough," Kirkwood protested.

"I don't understand." The nervous drumming of a patent leather covered toe, visible beneath the hem of her dress, alone betrayed a rising tide of impatience. "Then my intuition was at fault!"

"In this instance, if it was at all concerned with my insignificant affairs, yes—most decidedly at fault."

"Very well, then! Now, let us see—where are you bound?"

Kirkwood looked out of the window.

"I'm convinced it's a rendezvous."

Kirkwood smiled patiently at the landscape.

"Is Dorothy Calendar so very, very beautiful, Mr. Kirkwood?" with a trace of malice.

Ostentatiously Kirkwood read the Southeastern and Chatham's framed card of warning, posted just above Mrs. Hallam's head, to all such incurable lunatics as are possessed of a desire to travel on the running boards of railway carriages.

"You are going to meet her, aren't you?"

He gracefully concealed a yawn.

The woman's plan of attack took another form. "Last night, when you told me your story, I believed you."

He devoted himself to suppressing the temptingly obvious retort and succeeded; but, though he left it unspoken, the humor of it twitched the corners of his mouth, and Mrs. Hallam was observant, so that her next attempt to draw him out was edged with temper.

"I believed you an American, but a gentleman. It appears that if you ever were the latter you've fallen so low that you willingly cast your lot with thieves."

Having exhausted his repertory of rudeness, Kirkwood took to twiddling his thumbs.

"I want to ask you if you think it fair to me or my son to leave us in ignorance of the place where you are to meet the thieves who stole our—my son's jewels?"

"Mrs. Hallam," he said soberly, "if I am going to meet Mr. Calendar or Mr. Mulready, I have no assurance of that fact."

There was only the briefest of pauses, during which she analyzed this, then quickly, "But you hope to?" she snapped.

He felt that the only adequate retort to this would be a shrug of his shoulders, doubted his ability to carry one off and again took refuge in silence.

The woman abandoned a second plan of siege with a readiness that did credit to her knowledge of mankind. She thought out the next very carefully before opening with a masked battery.

"Mr. Kirkwood, can't we be friends?"

"Nothing could please me more, Mrs. Hallam!"

"I'm sorry if I've annoyed you"—

"And I, too, have been rude."

"Last night, when you cut away so suddenly, you prevented my making you a proposal, a sort of business proposition"—

"Yes?"

"To come over to our side"—

"I thought so. That was why I went."

"Yes; I understood. But this morning, when you've had time to think it over"—

"I have no choice in the matter, Mrs. Hallam."

The green eyes darkened ominously. "You mean—I am to understand, then, that you're against us, that you prefer to side with swindlers and scoundrels, all because of a"—

She discovered him eying her with a smile of such inscrutable and sardonic intelligence that the words died on her lips, and she crimsoned treasonably to herself, for he saw it, and the belief he had conceived while attending to her tissue of fabrication earlier that morning was strengthened to the point of conviction that if anything had been stolen by anybody Mrs. Hallam and her son owned it as little as Calendar.

As for the woman, she felt she had steadily lost rather than gained ground.

"So," she said slowly after a silent time, "you are not for Queensborough! The corollary of that admission, Mr. Kirkwood, is that you are for Sheerness."

"I believe," he replied wearily, "that there are no other stations on this line after Newington."

"It follows, then, that—that I follow." And in answer to his perturbed glance she added: "Oh, I'll grant that intuition is sometimes a poor guide. But if you meet George Calendar so shall I. Nothing can prevent that. You can't hinder me."

During the brief balance of the journey Mrs. Hallam presumably had food for thought. She frowned, pursed her lips and with one daintily gloved forefinger followed a seam of her tailored skirt, while Kirkwood sat watching and wondering how to rid himself of her if she proved really as troublesome as she threatened to be; also he wondered continually what it was all about. Why did Mrs. Hallam suspect him of designing to meet Calendar at Queensborough? Had she any tangible ground for believing that Calendar could be found in Queensborough? Presumably she had, since she was avowedly in pursuit of that gentleman and, Kirkwood inferred, had booked for Queensborough. Was he, then, running away from Calendar and his daughter to chase a will-o'-the-wisp of his credulous fancy off Sheerness shore?

He became aware that his solitary companion was a woman.

Disturbing reflection. He scowled over it, then considered the other side of the face. Presuming Mrs. Hallam to have had reasonably dependable assurance that Calendar would stop in Queensborough, would she so readily have abandoned her design to catch him there on the mere supposition that Kirkwood might be looking for him in Sheerness? That did not seem likely to one who esteemed Mrs. Hallam's acumen as highly as Kirkwood did. He brightened up, forgot that his was a fool's errand and began again to project strategic plans into a problematic future.

A sudden jolt interrupted this pastime, and the warning screech of the brakes informed him that he had no time to scheme, but had best continue on the plan of action that had brought him thus far—that is, trust to his star and accept what should befall without repining.

He rose, opened the door and, holding it so, turned.

"I regret, Mrs. Hallam," he announced, smiling his crooked smile, "that a pressing engagement is about to prohibit my squiring you through the ticket gates. You understand, I'm sure."

His irrepressible humor proved infectious, and Mrs. Hallam's spirit ran as high as his own. She was smiling cheerfully when she, too, rose.

"I also am in some haste," she averred demurely, gathering up her hand bag and umbrella.

A raised platform shot in beside the carriage, and the speed was so sensibly moderated that the train seemed to be creeping rather than running. Kirkwood flung the door wide open and lowered himself to the running board. The end of the track was in sight, and a man who has been trained to board San Francisco cable cars fears to alight from no moving vehicle. He swung off, got his balance and ran swiftly down the platform.

A cry from a bystander caused him to glance over his shoulder. Mrs. Hallam was then in the act of alighting. As he looked the flurry of skirts subsided, and she fell into stride, pursuing.

CHAPTER XV.

SLEEPY Sheerness must have been scandalized that day and its gossips have acquired ground for many an uncharitable surmise. Kirkwood, however, was so fortunate as to gain the wicket before the employee there awoke to the situation. Otherwise, such is the temper of British petty officialdom, he might have detained the fugitive. As it was, Kirkwood surrendered his ticket and ran out into the street with his luck still a dominant factor in the race, for, looking back, he saw that Mrs. Hallam had been held up at the gate, another victim of British red tape. Her ticket read for Queensborough, she was attempting to alight one station farther down the line, and, while undoubtedly she was anxious to pay the excess fare, heaven alone knew when she would succeed in allaying the suspicions and resentment of the ticket taker.

"That's good for ten minutes' start!" Kirkwood crowed. "And it never occurred to me!"

Before the station he found two hacks in waiting, with little to choose between them. Neither was of a type that did not seem to advertise its pre-Victorian fashioning, and to neither was harnessed an animal that deserved anything but the epithet of screw. Kirkwood took the nearest for no other reason than because it was the nearest and all but startled the driver off his box by offering double fare for a brisk pace and a simple service at the end of the ride. Succinctly he set forth his wants, jumped into the antiquated four wheeler and threw himself down upon musty, dusty cushions to hug himself over the joke and bless whatever English board of railway directors it was that first ordained that tickets should be taken up at the end instead of the outset of a journey.

It was promptly made manifest that he had further cause for gratulation. The cabby, recovering from his amazement, was plying an indefatigable whip and thereby eliciting a degree of speed from his superannuated nag that his fare had by no means hoped for, much less anticipated.

In a period of time surprisingly short Kirkwood saw, from fleeting glimpses of the scenery to be obtained through the reeling windows, that they were threading the outskirts of the town. Synchronously, whether by design or through actual inability to maintain it the speed was moderated, and in the course of a few more minutes the cab stopped definitely.

Kirkwood clambered painfully out, shook himself together and the bruises out of his bones and looked back.

Aside from a slowly settling cloud of dust, the road ran clear as far as he could see—to the point, in fact, where the town closed in about it.

He had won, at all events insomuch as to win meant eluding the persevering Mrs. Hallam. But to what end?

Abstractedly he tendered his lonely sovereign to the driver and without even looking at it crammed the heavy weight of change into his pocket, an oversight which not only won him the awestruck admiration of the cabby, but entailed consequences (it may be) he little apprehended. It was with an absentminded nod that he acquiesced in the man's announcement that he might arrange about the boat for him. Accordingly the cabby disappeared, and Kirkwood continued to stare about him eagerly, hopefully.

He stood on the brink of the Thames estuary, there a possible five miles from shore to shore. From his feet almost a broad shingle beach sloped gently to the water.

On one hand a dilapidated picket fence inclosed the dooryard of a fisherman's cottage, or, better, hovel—if it need be accurately described—at the door of which the cabby was knocking.

Some little distance offshore a fishing boat, cat rigged and not more than twenty feet over all, swung bobbing at her mooring, keen nose searching into the wind, at sight of which Kirkwood gave thanks, for his adventitious guide had served him well, if that boat were to be hired by any manner of persuasion.

But it was to the farther reaches of the estuary that he gave more prolonged and most anxious heed, scanning narrowly what shipping was there to be seen. Far out a liner was riding the waves with serene contempt, making for the river's mouth and Tilbury dock. But a single sailing vessel of any notable tonnage was in sight, and when he saw her Kirkwood's heart became buoyant with hope, and he began to tremble with nervous eagerness, for he believed her to be the Alethea.

There's no mistaking a ship brigantine rigged for any other style of craft that sails the seas.

Voices approaching brought him back to shore. He turned, resuming his mask of sanity, the better to confer with the owner of the cottage and boats, a heavy, keen eyed fellow, ungracious and truculent of habit and chary of his words, as he promptly demonstrated.

"I'll hire your boat," Kirkwood told him, "to put me aboard that brigantine off to leeward. We ought to start at once."

The fisherman shifted his quid of tobacco from cheek to cheek, grunted inarticulately and swung deliberately on his heel, displaying a bull neck above a pair of heavy shoulders.

"Dirty weather," he croaked, facing back from his survey of the eastern skies before the American found out whether or not he should resent his insolence.

"How much?" Kirkwood demanded curtly, annoyed.

The man hesitated, scowling blackly at the heeling vessel momentarily increasing her distance from the shore. Then, with a crafty smile, "Two pun," he declared.

The American nodded. "Very well," he agreed simply. "Get out your boat."

The fisherman turned away to shamble noisily over the shingle, huge booted heels crunching, toward one of the dories. To this he set his shoulder, shoving it steadily down the beach until only the stern was dry.

Kirkwood looked back for the last time, up the road to Sheerness. Nothing moved upon it. He was rid of Mrs. Hallam, if face to face with a sterner problem. He had a few pence over 10 shillings in his pocket and had promised to pay the man four times as much. He would have agreed to ten times the sum demanded, for the boat he must and would have. But he had neglected to conclude his bargain, to come to an understanding as to the method of payment, and he felt more than a little dubious as to the reception the fisherman would give his proposition, sound as he (Kirkwood) knew it to be.

In the background the cabby loitered, gnawed by insatiable curiosity.

The fisherman turned, calling over his shoulder, "If ye'd catch yon vessel, come!"

With one final twinge of doubt—the task of placating this surly dog was anything but inviting—the American strode to the boat and climbed in, taking the stern seat. The fisherman shoved off.

In time the dory lay alongside the catboat, the fisherman with a gnarled hand grasping the latter's gunwale to hold the two together. With some difficulty Kirkwood transshipped himself, landing asprawl in the cockpit amid a tangle of cordage slippery with scales. The skipper followed, with clumsy expertness bringing the dory's painter with him and hitching it to a ringbolt abaft the rudder head. Then, pausing an instant to stare into the east with somber eyes, he shipped the tiller and bent to the halyards. As the sail rattled up, flapping wildly, Kirkwood marked with relief, for it meant so much time saved, that it was already close reefed.

But when at last the boom was thrashing overhead and the halyards had been made fast to their cleats the fisherman again stood erect, peering distrustfully at the distant wall of cloud.

Then, in two breaths, "Can't do it," he decided—"not at the price."

"Why?" Kirkwood stared despairingly after the brigantine, that was already drawn far ahead.

"Danger," growled the fellow—"wind."

At a loss completely, Kirkwood found no words. He dropped his head, considering.

"Not at the price," the sullen voice iterated, and he looked up to find the cunning gaze upon him.

"How much, then?"

"Five pun I'll have, no less, for riskin' my life this day."

"Impossible. I haven't got it."

In silence the man unshipped the tiller and moved toward the cleats.

"Hold on a minute."

Kirkwood unbuttoned his coat and, freeing the chain from his waistcoat buttonholes, removed his watch. As well abandon them altogether. He had designed to leave them as security for the £2 and had delayed stating the terms only for fear lest they be refused. Now, too late, as ever, he recognized his error. But surely, he thought, it should be apparent even to that low intelligence that the timepiece alone was worth more than the boat itself.

"Will you take these?" he offered. "Take and keep them. Only set me aboard that ship!"

Deliberately the fisherman weighed the watch and chain in his broad, hard palm, eyes narrowing to mere slits in his bronzed mask.

"How much?" he asked slowly.

"Eighty pounds together. The chain alone cost me twenty."

The shifty, covetous eyes ranged from the treasure in his hand to the threatening east. A puff of wind caught the sail and sent the boom athwartships like a mighty flail. Both men ducked instinctively to escape a braining.

"How do I know?" objected the skipper.

"I'm telling you. If you've eyes you can see," retorted Kirkwood savagely, seeing that he had erred in telling the truth. The amount he had named was too great to be grasped at once by this crude, cupidinous brain.

"How do I know?" the man repeated. Nevertheless he dropped watch and chain into his pocket, then, with a meaning grimace, extended again his horny, greedy palm.

"What"—

"Hand over th' two pun and we'll go."

"I'll see you hanged first!"

"Ashore ye go." He pronounced his ultimatum, motioning Kirkwood to enter the boat.

The American turned, looking for the Alethea or for the vessel that he believed bore that name. She was nearing the lightship when he found her, and as he looked a squall blurred the air between them, blotting the brigantine out with a smudge of rain. The effect was as if she had vanished, as if she were forever snatched from his grasp, and with Dorothy aboard her—heaven alone knew in what need of him!

Mute and blind with despair and wrath, he turned upon the man and caught him by the collar, forcing him out over the lip of the overhang. They were unevenly matched, Kirkwood far the slighter, but strength came to him in the crisis, physical strength and address such as he had not dreamed were at his command. And the surprise of his onslaught proved an ally of unguessed potency. Before he himself knew it he was standing on the overhang and had shifted his hold to seize the fellow about the waist; then, lifting him clear of the deck and aided by the lurch of the catboat, he cast him bodily into the dory. The man, falling, struck his head against one of the thwarts—a glancing blow that stunned him temporarily. Kirkwood himself dropped as if shot, a trailing reef point slapping his cheek until it stung as the boom thrashed overhead. It was as close a call as he had known. The knowledge sickened him a little.

Without rising he worked the painter loose and cast the dory adrift, then crawled back into the cockpit. No pang of compassion disturbed him as he abandoned the fisherman to the mercy of the sea. Though the fellow lay still, uncouthly distorted, in the bottom of the dory, he was in no danger. The wind and waves together would carry the boat ashore. For that matter, the man was even then recovering, struggling to sit up.

Crouching to avoid the boom, Kirkwood went forward to the bows and grasping the mooring cable, drew it in, slipping back into the cockpit to get stronger purchase with his feet. It was a struggle. The boat pulled sluggishly against the wind, the cable holding in jealously. And behind him he could hear a voice bellowing inarticulate menaces and knew that in another moment the fisherman would be at his oars.

Frantically he tugged and tore at the slimy rope, hauling with a will and prayer. It gave more readily toward the end, but he seemed to have fought with it for ages when at last the anchor tripped and he got it in.

Immediately he leaped back to the stern, fitted in the tiller and, [illegible] the mainsheet, drew the boom in till the wind should catch in the canvas. In the dory the skipper, bending at his oars, was not two yards astern.

He was hard aboard when the [illegible] filling with a bang. Kirkwood pa[illegible] the tiller up, and the catboat slid away, a dozen feet separating them in a breath.

Lifting him clear of the deck, he cast him bodily into the dory.

A yell of rage boomed down the wind, but he paid no heed. Careless alike of the dangers he had passed and those that yawned before him, he trimmed the sheet and stood away on the port tack, heading directly for the Nore lightship.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEANING against the combing, feet braced upon the slippery and treacherous deck, Kirkwood clung to tiller and mainsheet and peered ahead with anxious eyes, a pucker of daring graven deep between his brows.

A mile to westward, three or more ahead, he could see the brigantine standing close in under the Essex shore. At times she was invisible. Again he could catch merely the glint of her canvas, white against the dark gloom of the littoral, toned by a mist of flying spindrift. He strained his eyes, watching for the chance which would take place in the rake of her masts and sails when she should come about.

For the longer that maneuver was deferred the better was his chance of attaining his object. It was a forlorn hope. But in time the brigantine, to escape Maplin sands, would be forced to tack and stand out past the lightship, the wind off her port bows. Then their courses would intersect. It remained to be demonstrated whether the catboat was speedy enough to arrive at this point of contact in advance of or simultaneously with the larger vessel.

He watched the catboat anxiously, quick to approve her merits as she displayed them. He had sailed small craft before—frail centerboard catboats, handy and swift, built to serve in summer winds and protected waters, never such a one as this. Yet he liked her.

Offshore, too, the wind stormed with added strength or possibly had freshened. For minutes on end the leeward gunwales would run green, and now and again the screaming, pelting squalls that scoured the estuary would heel her over until the water cascaded in over the lee combing, and the rudder, lifted clear, would hang idle until, smitten by some racing billow, the tiller would be all but torn from Kirkwood's hands. Again and again this happened, and those were times of trembling. But always the catboat righted, shaking the clinging waters from her and swinging her stem into the wind again, and there would follow an abbreviated breathing spell, during which Kirkwood was at liberty to dash the salt spray from his eyes and search the wind harried waste for the brigantine. Sometimes he found her, sometimes not.

Long after he had expected her to she went about, and they began to close in upon each other. He could see that even with shortened canvas she was staggering drunkenly under the fierce impacts of the wind. For himself, it was nip and tuck now, and no man in his normal sense would have risked a sixpence on the boat's chance to live until she crossed the brigantine's bows.

Time out of reckoning he was forced to kneel in the swimming cockpit, steering with one hand, using the bailing dish with the other and keeping his eyes religiously turned to the bellying patch of sail. It was heartbreaking toil. He began reluctantly to concede that it could not last much longer. And if he missed the brigantine he would be lost.

To be Continued.

PAINS ALL OVER BODY

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23-1-y

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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AUTHORITY OF THE SEA.

"Admiralty Instructions" Are Carefully Carried Out.

The authority at sea of an admiral is denoted by his flag; it ceases when the flag is hauled down or "struck."

A white flag with a red St. George's Cross, the historic emblem of England's patron saint, is used as the flag of an admiral to-day. A vice-admiral's flag is distinguished by a red ball in the upper part next the staff, and a rear-admiral's by an additional ball in the lower canton. On the rare occasions when an admiral of the Fleet takes command at sea his flagship bears the Union flag at the mast-head.

When an admiral from the shore relieves another in a sea command the proper procedure with their flags must be followed.

On the morning of the day when the new admiral is to join the flagship his flag is hoisted in one of the other ships present, and the ship bearing the junior flag salutes the senior flag by gunfire. During the forenoon the new admiral goes on board the flagship in uniform; the guard presents arms, the band plays the admiral's salute, and he is received at the gangway by his predecessor and all the ship's officers in frock-coats and swords.

At a certain time, made known by signal, the new admiral takes over the command. The old one, freed from all further responsibility, changes into plain clothes and goes quietly ashore; if the ship's company turns up to give him a "send off" it is entirely unofficial. His flag is kept flying in his old ship until sunset, when it is struck without ceremony, the incident being duly recorded in the ship's log.

That night the flagship's masthead remains bare, but next morning the signalmen trice up the new admiral's flag, made up in a tight roll. When colors are hoisted it is broken, and at the same moment the ship that has been temporarily flying the flag hauls it down.

After this the flag, though it may be transferred to another ship, is never struck during the period of command unless the admiral goes on leave or is disabled by illness.

Should a flag officer be killed in action the "Admiralty Instructions" lay down that his flag must not be struck before the battle is over or while the enemy is still in sight.

RAISING WRECKS WITH ICE.

Ice May Be Made In Sea-Water In a Very Short Time.

After a ship has struck rocks and sunk, divers often find the job of salving the wreck a very difficult one.

A method of salving submerged vessels with ice was tried in a naval yard recently. Instead of the diver going down to rivet a steel plate over the hole with an acetylene burner, he made ice under water and used a block of ice instead of a plate of steel to repair a leak.

By freezing the water around it, the hole in the sunken vessel was tightly closed. Large quantities of ice may be made in sea-water in a very short time, and while the proper degree of coldness is maintained the ice adheres firmly to the metal.

Enclosed in an airtight tank, an ice-making plant was lowered 40 feet into the water and worked by electricity from above. The freezing of the water was effected by means of flexible hosepipes in which the ammonia for refrigerating was in vapor form. Within two hours a solid block of ice had sealed the gaping bottom of the vessel.

In another instance, a large sail was spread over a leak and the same process followed. In this case the sail was pressed firmly over the hole by a six-inch wall of ice.

The repairs effected, the wreck can be raised on an airtight caisson, or tank, or the flooded chambers can be pumped and the ship lifted to the surface by cranes.

The Manna Mystery.

The nature of the Biblical manna is thought to have been established by an expedition which recently returned from Central Sinai.

The traditional theory was that the Biblical manna was identifiable with the tamarix mannifera, a species of the tamariz shrub which exudes a sugary secretion called manna. It was thought that manna was a natural secretion from the twigs or buds which were pierced by rodent insects.

The expedition has determined that manna is an excretion of the insects themselves, which produce clear syrup-like drops that, if sufficiently abundant, fall to the ground, forming whitish grain from the size of a pin's head to the size of a pea. The quantity of this secretion depends on the rain, but in a good season a man can collect about three pounds in a day.

Risk of Being Funny.

Sir Alan Cobham, the famous airman, tells an amusing story against himself. One evening in a New York club he was called upon to make a speech. He endeavored, he says, to make it an amusing speech. Seated close to him were an Englishman and an American, and during his speech Sir Alan heard the following:

"Is this fellow a countryman of yours?" asked the American.

"Yes, he is, indeed," was the reply.

"Well, he's being devilish funny," said the American. He paused. Then he added, "But the best part of it is that he doesn't know it."

Fighting Flames With Soap.

Soap-suds are used to extinguish fires by a new German device. Particularly useful in smothering petrol or benzine fires, where streams of water would be useless, this machine carries two large foam generators filled with powdered soap.

High-pressure jets of water race through the soap chamber, operating water wheels that churn the soap into suds, to issue in a foaming blast from the hose nozzle.

Titled Germans for Saskatchewan.

The establishment of a colony of German noblemen in Saskatchewan is a possibility judging by the visit to St. Walburg of a number of titled Germans headed by Dr. Smidel von Seeberg, of Berlin, who is already established on an estate in the area. Investment of a capital of large proportions upon huge farms is said to be contemplated by the party which is to return to Germany to make its report and come back in the spring with families and relatives. One member has already purchased one and one-half sections of land.

Settling In B.C.

Gen. Frank A. Sutton, who until recently was military advisor to the Manchurian war lord Chang Tso Lin, and who now is in the Cariboo, has bought a small ranch to use as a summer home and hunting lodge near Quesnel, B.C. Gen. Sutton plans entering actively into mining.

FIRST "WHITE CITY."

Cincinnati Claims to Be Only Smokeless City.

The title of America's first "White City" is claimed by Cincinnati, which, after a ten years' intensive campaign against the smoke nuisance, proudly rears its head as the only town in the United States where a man can wear a white collar all day without having recourse to the daily half-dozen once needed for the perfect sartorial turn-out.

The perfect city has not been evolved without some difficulty. The citizens were at first sceptical as to the advantages of a smokeless city.

Some disobeyed the city ordinance against the smoke nuisance and were prosecuted. And to-day half a million inhabitants and 2,250 industrial establishments, aided by a corps of engineers and a police force equipped with umbrascopes by which the density of smoke can be computed, are working hand in hand to keep the town clear of smoke.

The method adopted by the authorities is a novel one. An offender against the smoke law is told that the dense smoke from his chimney, or stacks, should he be a manufacturer, indicates that about two-thirds of the heat value in the fuel is being wasted.

The intelligent user immediately sets out to learn what equipment he can instal to cut his high fuel cost. The result is that the nuisance is prevented at the source.

The law, as applied to the ordinary householder, is carried out in a spirit of helpfulness rather than aggressiveness. The offender is first warned that his smoke is polluting the air that his fellow-citizens have to breathe. If the warning is ignored a call from a police officer follows, and in the last extremity the "smoker"—as he is known—is prosecuted, the minimum fine for the first offence being $25, with additional penalties for repeated violations.

KISSING AND THE LAW.

Romans Defined Nature and Limits of "Right of Kissing."

Amongst the early Christians, the kiss of peace was a sacred ceremony, observed upon their most solemn occasions. It was called the seal of prayer, and was a symbol of that mutual forgiveness and reconciliation which the church required, as an essential condition, before anyone was admitted to the sacraments.

The Roman civilians at length took the kiss under their protection. Their code defined the nature, limits, incidents, and such-like of the "Right of Kissing."

The kiss had all the virtue of a bond, granted as a seal to the ceremony of betrothing, in consequence of the violence done to the modesty of the lady by a kiss!

In much later times the kiss was esteemed to be a ceremony of particular obligation. Julia, in "the Two Gentlemen of Verona," after exchanging a ring with her lover, completes the contract by a kiss:—

"And seal the bargain with a holy kiss."

The last instance in which the kiss formed the subject of serious regulation was when the Empress Catherine of Russia instituted assemblies of men and women to promote the cultivation of polite manners. Among the rules she directed that "no gentleman should force a kiss from or strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of exclusion."

BRITAIN'S MOTOR-TRUCKS

Commercial Motor Service Has Grown Enormously Since the War—Has Over 855,000 Trucks.

Truck sales in Canada are setting new records.

It has been pointed out that while this continent is far in the lead of Great Britain and Europe in the extensive use of motor-cars, the situation is reversed in so far as the use of motor-trucks is concerned. A very interesting and informative report on road motor transport in Great Britain, received by the Ontario Motor Truck Owners' Assocition from F. G. Bristow, general secretary of the Commercial Motor Users' Association and honorary secretary of the standing joint committee of Mechanical Road Transport Associations of Great Britain, follows:

Our whole system of transportation is coming more and more to depend upon road motor transport. This statement is even more true to-day than when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales gave utterance to it two years ago. Events in the general strike, when the essential food and other supplies of the community and the members of the community themselves were successfully carried by road, very clearly demonstrated that road motor transport is fully equal to the vital needs of the nation.

The rapidly increasing number of commercial motor vehicles in use has made the public so accustomed to road motor transport, that the fact is often lost sight of that the real development of this method of transport is well within the memory of many millions of the present generation.

It is true that the first steam-driven road vehicle was designed and constructed as far back as 1769 by Sugnot, a French engineer, and that he was shortly followed in 1782 by Murdoch, who constructed the first successful steam road vehicle in Great Britain, if not in the world, and later still by Crompton and Thomson. The indifference of the public, the exorbitant road tolls, the growth of the railways and restrictive legislation, however, made the use of this type of vehicle economically impracticable, with the result that from the middle of the last century until the beginning of the present mechanically-propelled vehicles for road transport purposes practically disappeared from the highways.

The extent to which the industry has developed in Great Britain in a comparatively short period, may be gauged from the fact that whereas in 1900 there were only a few hundred commercial motors in regular use, the quarter of a century which has elapsed has seen this number rapidly increase to considerably over 350,000.

There is, unfortunately, still a tendency in some quarters to assume that road transport contributes little or nothing towards road upkeep. What are the real facts? The amount contributed annually by the owners of these vehicles to the national exchequer of the United Kingdom in direct motor taxation, quite apart from their contributions as rate and taxpayers, now reaches £7,602,000.

Before very long, the number of commercial motor vehicles in Great Britain will be more than 500,000; the amount of annual direct taxation will be in excess of £12,000,000; and the number of employes will be over 1,000,000.

Fifty-Five Miles of Books.

In less than five years' time the British Museum will have to make some sort of provision for the books which arrive there at the rate of 35,000 a year. There are already three and a half million books, occupying shelves which, end to end, would stretch 55 miles. In addition, there are received each year about 100,000 periodicals and 250,000 newspapers. The available space at the Museum is now almost all used up. Newspapers and periodicals are already housed in a temporary building at Hendon. For some years the Museum authorities have been making more accommodation for their books by building extra swinging trusses, each when filled weighing from twelve to fifteen hundredweight, and supporting them on the cast-iron framework of the dome. They have now been warned that they cannot do this any longer without endangering the stability of the whole structure.

Climbed Africa's Highest Peak.

British climbers are full of admiration for the remarkable feat of Miss Sheila Macdonald, a twenty-two-year-old London girl, who has won the distinction of being the first woman to climb Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa. This is only the fifth time that the summit has been reached. The highest of the two peaks of Kilimanjaro, which is in British Tanganyika territory, is 19,321 feet.

Miss Macdonald is a tall, well-built girl, with a mop of shingled hair, and is the very impersonation of the best type of modern young woman. She dances, rides, and plays nearly every outdoor game. She started mountaineering in Scotland and Switzerland when she was only twelve.

Roof Garden Popular In Paris.

Paris has discovered the value of the roof garden and there are indications that it may become as popular and as general as in New York. The Automobile Club has a roof restaurant much like the establishments found on the roofs of various New York hotels and clubs; it is an alluring place in which to dine on a warm summer evening. On the roof of the Louvre the employe who looks after the plumbing of the museum has built for himself a small garden with vines and rustic seats. The Bank of France has installed shaded seats on its roof where employes may rest during the two-hour luncheon period.

It seems odd that Paris did not long ago adopt roof gardens. Cramped within a fortified city wall, its dwellings consisting almost exclusively of five and six story apartment buildings and of private houses built one against another, and having a climate that is often sultry, the city needs more outdoor space. There are, to be sure, delightful gardens and courts attached to some houses, but it is only a small proportion of the population that can hope to enjoy such luxuries.

Many concierges have created miniature gardens on narrow ledges of sixth floors. The small iron-railed balconies so much in evidence in Paris are often crowded on warm days.

Here and There

Establishing what is believed to be a world record, J. H. Hooper, of Battleford, Sask., recently dug a total of 171 potatoes from one hill.

A new record for the Port of Montreal was set up Saturday, October 22nd, with 1,045 ocean-going steamers having entered the port this season (with five weeks or so yet to run) as compared with 1,042 for the whole of last season.

All wheat yields in a season of amazing returns went by the board on October 26th when J. F. Cook, of Magrath, 24 miles south of Lethbridge, Alberta, reported a return of 176 bushels on a piece of fallowed land measuring slightly over two acres.

Hon. W. E. Foster, Chairman of the Saint John Board of Harbor Commissioners, announces that plans for the first unit in the enlarged harbor facilities for Saint John would include four new steamship berths and an elevator of 2,000,000 bushel capacity and that plans for these would be prepared at once. They will be located on the western side of the harbor.

Increasing interest is being manifested throughout the country in the project sponsored by the Department of National Defence regarding light-aeroplane clubs, and two queries have been received formally requiring the Government to fulfil its part of the scheme by shipping the two Moth planes promised under the provisions of the plan. Montreal and Edmonton are the first two applicants.

Inaugurating a direct mail service by air from Quebec City to Ottawa and bringing British mail to the Capital 48 hours ahead of regular train schedule, a seaplane with first class mail from the Canadian Pacific liner "Montroyal" landed on the Ottawa River near the Parliament Buildings. This is the first mail to reach Ottawa by the air, and is part of a more general experiment on the part of the postal authorities.

Manitoba's first fox show will be held from November 30th to December 3rd, in the old Hudson's Bay store at Winnipeg. J. H. Evans, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, will be superintendent, and A. M. Doyle general manager. There will be eight classes including one for the best pair of matched foxes, one for groups or herds and one for the most desirable fox from a pelt standpoint. Several championships will be awarded, all of which are open to all classes.

What is said to be the most valuable shipment of horses ever to reach Canada arrived in Montreal recently aboard the Canadian Pacific freighters "Bosworth" and "Bolingbroke." The owner is W. J. McCallum, of Brompton, Ont., and Regina, who secured these prize animals in England, Scotland, France and Belgium. They include the famous "Lord Willingdon," for which Mr. McCallum paid $10,000. The horses will be sold throughout the West after being exhibited at Toronto, Chicago, Guelph and Ottawa.

Canadians would be considerably surprised if they were given full details of the British investment going into Canadian channels at the present time, according to E. R. Peacock, director of the Bank of England and of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Britisher does not seek publicity in his business deals, he stated, with the result that large sums of money were often placed in the Dominion and never heard of. A case in point he mentioned was the investment of himself and five other capitalists of £200,000 in timber interests in British Columbia five years ago, and upon the success of the venture the further investment of £300,000.

New Bismarck Story.

A Dutch newspaper tells a new Bismarck story. It says that Count von Arnim, German Ambassador to France, could not stand the Chancellor's interminable chain of foul pipes; and did everything to avoid conferring with him at the Wilhelmstrasse. One day the Dutch Minister was kept waiting in the ante-chamber, and over an hour elapsed before Arnim emerged with streaming eyes. "The black hole of Calcutta must have been a paradise compared with that foul den," he cried, pressing a perfumed handkerchief to his nose.

Presently the great man emerged. "You must forgive me keeping you waiting," he growled, "but you must allow me a little breathing space. That cursed Arnim, with his beastly French scents! I always have to open all the windows after his visits and smoke two or three pipes to get rid of the awful smell."

Earthquake Plant.

The earthquake plant grows wild in Cuba. It is said that when an earthquake is about to occur the plant changes its color.

London's Police Force.

Among the policemen on duty in the West End of London are experts in French, German, Spanish, and Italian.

The Pity of It.

There is a good story going the rounds just now concerning Sir Harry Lauder's recent visit to New York.

During the great comedian's stay there he was shown a building which he was assured—rightly or wrongly—was the world's loftiest skyscraper. He was also informed that it was eight hundred feet high.

"Really!" said Sir Harry.

He was further told that it had forty-eight storeys.

"Indeed!" remarked Lauder.

Finally he was told that it was built of fireproof material and could not be burned down.

"What a pity!" commented Sir Harry.

Norman.

Norman is Teutonic, meaning a Norseman or Northman, that is, a native of Norway.

A Sovereign.

A sovereign actually contains gold worth twenty shillings.

HONORED BY CRUSADERS

"Janey Canuck" Had Been Previously Decorated by King George—Lady of Order of St. John.

To an Edmonton woman, Mrs. Emily Murphy (Janey Canuck), has fallen the signal honor of being the first person in the Empire to receive the decoration for merit from the Most Noble Order of Crusaders, such having been bestowed upon her at the recent grand festival of the Crusaders in Edmonton, says the Toronto Star Weekly.

It was the first decoration to be awarded by the order since it was established in Great Britain in 1921.

As the order is composed entirely of men the honor is of deep significance, and bears eloquent witness to the esteem in which Mrs. Murphy is held by an order of representative men who have dedicated themselves to the service of mankind, and of the Empire.

One of Canada's foremost authors and educationalists, Mrs. Murphy has the distinction of being entitled to wear the cross of the first crusade as well as that of the tenth.

She was decorated by King George in 1915, a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Speaking of Mrs. Murphy's splendid record of Empire service, Grand Master Waistell of the Crusaders said: "Mrs. Murphy has done untold good for the Empire and for the Crusaders in Canada. Her unswerving devotion to duty and to the doctrine of purity and honor, makes us proud indeed to call her 'Brother Murphy'."

The decoration bestowed upon Mrs. Murphy by the Most Noble Order of Crusaders is the banner of St. George, a white moire ribbon bearing the symbol of the scarlet cross. The Crusader's badge, a sheathed sword upon which are imposed the scarlet and blue chevrons of service, is fashioned of gold, and superimposed upon it are the words, "Sic Deus Vult" (It is the Will of God). Hanging from a bar is the inscription: "For Merit, 1927, Emily F. Murphy."

Mrs. Murphy, who is a native of Cookstown, Ontario, was educated at Bishop Strachan School in Toronto. She has long been identified with all the movements for progress and better citizenship, throughout the Dominion, and is an author of note.

She was a member of the Imperial Press Conference of the Canadian League of Nations Society, vice-president of the Canadian Committee on Social Hygiene, past president and historian of the Canadian Women's Press Club, president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, and affiliated with many other societies of national importance.

In 1916 Mrs. Murphy was appointed a police magistrate, also a judge of the juvenile court in and for the Province of Alberta, which positions she still holds.

Because of her remarkable insight into human nature, her personal magnetism, compassionate tolerance and understanding, Mrs. Murphy holds an enviable position to-day upon the Alberta bench. Her recent decoration is a tribute such as few women are privileged to receive during their lifetime, placing her on a plane of Empire service.

No More Sleepless Nights.

Sir Alfred Yarrow, the famous civil engineer, has designed a bed which he declares will promote sleep. The design of the bed is based on the fact that Sir Alfred found that the movements of a train were conducive to sleep, and those movements he has introduced in the mechanism of the new bed.

The bed is of the usual wooden frame type, but is supported on springs and given the required movement through a link mechanism driven by an electric motor. The motion of the bed has been arranged to vary gradually throughout a cycle to prevent possible nausea from constant unvaried motion. This cycle is produced by having two eccentrics, driven from the motor through two gear wheels, one having a tooth less than the other.

A crossbar connecting the ends of the two eccentric rods is coupled at the centre to a rocking lever, and this, in turn, imparts a reciprocating motion to the frame of the bed.

Displayed Trait Young.

A story of Winston Churchill which reads very piquantly now that he is Chancellor of the Exchequer is told by Prof. H. R. Pearce, swimming instructor at the Holborn baths, who has spent nearly fifty years teaching London to swim. He has had over 75,000 pupils, and Mr. Churchill, when a small boy, was one of them. He learned very quickly, and the professor now relates that his favorite amusement used to be diving for pennies! Even at that early age he was quite convinced that he would one day be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Other famous men who passed through Prof. Pearce's hands include Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Gilbert Frankau, and Max Pemberton.

Copper Deposits In Canada.

Copper ores of various kinds, including the native metal are found at many places throughout Canada. Production has so far been confined to the following areas in order of their importance: British Columbia, Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, and Yukon. Deposits of copper ores are also known in the Maritime Provinces, and in the Arctic regions of Canada. The Arctic deposits, although at present inaccessible, possibly constitute one of the great copper ore reserves of the future.

Glasgow Wiping Out Slums.

Glasgow is demolishing its slums. Already many buildings have been razed and the Medical Officer of Health of the city recently submitted a list of 1,054 houses, which he recommended, should be included in the next demolition work. Eventually all structures in the slum district will be levelled.

After Thirty-Four Years.

Calling at a cottage in Seal, Kent, England, where an aged woman of ninety-two resides, two men gently introduced themselves as her sons who had gone to America thirty-four years ago. It was their first visit to the homeland.

Ants Are Destructive.

White ants are appallingly destructive, even great trees falling victims to them. In Australia they will attack and demolish a large farmcart over night, leaving only the metal parts uneaten.

KNEW "BUFFALO BILL"

FORMER NOVA SCOTIAN VISITS OLD HOME.

Charles Murray Tells of Days When He Hunted With "Buffalo Bill"—"Nothing Wrong With Frontier Life," He Says.—Fought Indians.

Companion of Col. William Cody (Buffalo Bill), intimate of Wild Bill Hickok, and possessing more than a nodding acquaintance with scores of other noted characters of frontier days, Charles Murray of Los Angeles can himself be numbered among the frontiersmen who assisted in the creation of the great west across the border. To-day Murray, who hails from the little district of Murray Field in Pictou County, N.S., is a director of the Pacific National Bank in Los Angeles. Years ago he fought with Indians, sought gold in the heights of the Black Hills of South Dakota; hunted buffalo with "Buffalo Bill," and trekked from Deadwood to Portland, Oregon, across land that had seldom been visited by the white man.

He now has passed his allotted span of three score years and ten, but he is still a stalwart, and there are few gray hairs showing in the scraggly moustache.

Forty-nine years ago Charles Murray left Nova Scotia, inspired by the current rumors of the gold finds made in the Black Hills of South Dakota. From the little railway station in Truro to the frontier town of Sydney, Nebraska, was a long and adventurous jump, but it was simple in comparison with the hardships that he underwent afterward.

His sensations when he stepped from the train and observed men in buckskins, wearing six shooters at either hip, were simply indescribable. But he naively remarks: "I was too darned curious to be frightened."

Only a short time did he spend in Sydney. An outfit was assembled, and with other members of a party, the trek was made to the Black Hills, across mile after mile of open territory. Eventually the party arrived at Deadwood where Murray like many others staked out a claim. He won a little hard earned gold from the ground, but the results at that time were somewhat dubious. He then became acquainted with "Buffalo Bill." For three seasons he remained with the hunting party commanded by this historic figure, and shot buffalo, antelope and deer, in order to supply the mining camps and railway survey parties with red meat.

But even this adventurous life palled upon the Nova Scotian youth. He and his brother, who had later joined him in the west, pulled up stakes for Miles City, with Butte City as their ultimate destination. They were five months making the entire trip, and passed through an entire series of experiences. Both young men were ambushed by Indians but managed to escape under cover of darkness. Charles Murray had two bullets put through the crown of his hat. In the course of their travels they encountered but one white man. He proved to be a college professor, who they afterward found had shot a man in self defence in the east and had been obliged to seek the frontier, where law and order were little known.

Alexander Murray remained at Butte City, where he died a few years later, but his brother kept on the trail for Idaho—a long trek across country. Eventually he struck the railroad, and pulled into Portland, Oregon. From there he took boat to San Francisco, and finally landed in Los Angeles, then a town of seven thousand inhabitants. Mr. Murray has witnessed the growth of this city as he plied his trade as plasterer, statuary caster, contractor, and now bank director.

Visiting at his boyhood home in Nova Scotia last summer, Murray expressed a fervent wish for the continuance of the good old days when Judge Colt was the great equalizer. "There was nothing wrong with the frontier days," says Mr. Murray. "If a man minded his own affairs he was not troubled. If he carried a chip on his shoulder, sooner or later he would be obliged to defend his views, with but one outcome to the settlement. I have carried rifle and revolver, and two belts full of cartridges, but only for defence against the Indians—Sioux, Blackfoot and Crow—who then swarmed on to the plains in small marauding parties from their different reservations.

"Did I know Wild Bill Hickok, the marshal of Deadwood? Indeed I did, and no finer man ever was. He was a friend to everyone except the bandit and the law-breaker. Easy going and carefree, he was at all times courageous, and he preserved in great part law and order in the town of Deadwood and the surrounding district. He was the greatest marksman with a six-gun that I have ever seen."

The present day bank man takes great delight in telling of the time when he lived upon a straight meat diet for six full weeks, while making his long trek from Deadwood to Butte City. Buffalo meat was the piece de resistance on each day, varied occasionally with venison, antelope meat or prairie chicken. "We had lost our salt," declares Mr. Murray, "and had to be content to eat our meat as we shot it."

There was little need for a man to starve in those early days. The plains literally swarmed with buffalo and antelope. The rivers abounded with ducks and geese. Prairie chicken could be shot from the saddle, while the wooded heights held deer in numbers—deer that were so tame that a rider could approach and flick them with a quirt. Referring to the buffalo the old frontiersman recalled an occasion when a Government stage coach was held up for three days while a huge herd of the shaggy monsters were crossing a river ford.

Mr. Murray still retains a clannish love for his native heath.

The Life of a Watch.

The lifetime of a good watch is fifty years. In its daily duties the balance and hairspring vibrate 18,000 times every hour, or more than 157,000,000 times a year, while an equal number of ticks come from the escapement.

Banking In England.

A new bank is opened for business every week-day in England. About 200 have already been opened this year, and the annual average for the past seven years looks like working out at about 270.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me."

Dickens' Christmas Carol.

"C. D. S. L. Stitch Guessing Contest"

Sweater is on display in our Main street display windows. Five valuable prizes are being offered. Size up the Sweater. Secure a Contest Slip by purchasing $1.00 worth of merchandise, then register your guess.

SILK HOSE—$2.50 PAIR

Kayser make ,in full fashioned style, with silk to the top. In shades of Hoggar, Atmosphere, Sonata, Black.

This is a splendid quality for wear on your formal occasions.

SILK HOSE—$2.00 PAIR

Another triumph in Kayser quality, full fashioned hose. These have silk to the hem and mercerized lisle tops. Obtainable in an extensive range of authentic Winter colors.

All sizes.

C. D. S. L. SILK HOSE $1.95 PAIR

This range has been specially made for our stores. They represent the utmost in quality and value. Are of service-weight silk, of very even, firm weave, that will give plenty of wear.

In shades of Beige, Nude, Mirage, Grey, Rifle, Black and White. In all sizes.

C. D. S. L. SILK HOSE $1.50 PAIR

Another winner, for women who like to wear silk stockings the year round. Woven with silk to the hem.

Shades of Nude, Mirage, Plaza Grey, Rifle, Black and White,

In all sizes.

C.D.S.L. Hosiery Week, Nov. 17 to 23

Hosiery Week is a twice yearly event at this store. It is staged to demonstrate our superior Hosiery values and to exhibit forcibly the varied style supremacy of the lines that we feature.

For weeks our hosiery buyer has been preparing for this big event. Close cooperation with several of the leading Canadian mills will permit us to offer you on this occasion many extremely advantageous values.

We invite you to inspect our exhibit during Hosiery-Week as there will be no better opportunity to choose the family's winter requirements.

LADIES' SILK AND WOOL HOSE ON SALE FOR HOSIERY WEEK, 79C. PR.

This range comes in a combination of art silk and botany wool of a superb quality. Have double hem at top, high spliced heel and double sole.

Shades of Muffin and White ; Oak Dust and White, Flesh and White, French Nude and White, Oyster and White. For Hosiery Week, Special at......... **79C. PAIR**

LADIES' SILK HOSE, ON SALE FOR HOSIERY WEEK

Full fashioned, pure thread silk hose, service weight, with mercerized lisle top. These stockings have very slight imperfections, which would be most hard to detect. In shades of Nude, Mirage, Champagne, Beechnut, Atmosphere, Grey, Black. Regularly these are $1.50 to $1.95 values. Sale Price.. **$1.29 PAIR**

LADIES' SILK AND WOOL HOSE, SPECIAL AT $1.00 PAIR

These are a plated silk hose on a wool back, which creates an appearance of silk, yet provides weight and warmth of purest wool. With stockings so much in evidence, this range is particularly noteworthy as real sound investment for daily wear.

Procurable in shades of Muffin, Black, Peach, French Nude, Fawn, Moonlight.

C. D. S. L. FULL FASHIONED CASHMERE HOSE

The woman who still insists on wool hose for cold weather wear will find three very splendid samples in our present assemblage. Hose knit from fine, all wool botany yarns—full fashioned, with widened top, reinforced heels and double soles.

Featured in shades of Almond, Desert, Zinc and Black.

THREE WEIGHTS

$1.50, $1.25, $1.00 PAIR

BI-TEX SILK HOSE $2.00 PAIR

An ideal stocking for winter wear. Made with a pure silk top on an inter-lining of lisle. Colors of Beige, Grain, Mist, Black. In all sizes.

CHILDREN'S WORSTED HOSE

In all wool, knit in a wide ribb, with plain knit feet. In Black only. Splendid weight for school wear.

Special at **50c. pair.**

EXCELLENT VALUES IN CHILDREN' WINTER HOSIERY

SILK AND WOOL, 59 TO 75 CENTS PAIR

In one and one ribb silk and wool combination. Knit with plain feet and obtainable in colors of Muffin and French Nude.

ALL WOOL CASHMERE

One and one ribb with plain knit feet, re-inforced heels and toes. In shades of Cream, Fawn, Brown, Black.

Prices range from **35 to 75 cents pair.**

SILK AND WOOL HOSE 75 CENTS PAIR

In two toned color combinations and in fancy patterns.

Muffin and White.

Sand and White.

INFANT'S SILK AND WOOL HOSE PRICED 50 CENTS PAIR

These are exceedingly fine ribb with plain knit feet. In cream color only. Sizes 4 to 5½.

CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES LIMITED

Successors to THE ROBINSON CO., LIMITED

STORE No. 10

MEN'S HEAVY ALL WOOL GOOD VALUE 50C. PAIR

Choose at this price either Penman's Atlantic or Stanfields, in the following color combinations :

Grey with White heel and toe

Grey with Blue heel and toe.

Grey with Brown heel and toe.

Green with Blue heel and toe.

EXTRA HEAVY WEIGHTS, 65 CENTS PAIR

These are work sox that will give excellent service and perfect comfort, in coldest winter weather.

Celebrated Atlantic quality, in a Fawn color.

MEN'S CASHMERE HOSE A REAL SPECIAL 50 CENTS PAIR

For men of conservative tastes, these medium weight cashmeres are very satisfactory. Black only.

Sizes 10 to 11½.

MEN'S CASHMERE HOSE IN COLORS 75 CENTS PAIR

Both English Wolsey and the Canadian Circle Bar brands are featured at this price. Both have established reputations for service and attractiveness. Splendid range of shades await your choosing.

FOUR SHADES IN SILK AND WOOL FOR MEN 50 CENTS PAIR

Navy and Black.

Helio and Grey.

Fawn and Brown.

Sand and Blue.

Neat designs and colors to blend with any color of suit.

All sizes.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. M. P. Graham was in Ottawa on Monday.

Mr. Beverley Thompson is visiting friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Stephen Gibson, Winnipeg, Man., is the guest of Mrs. O. N. Rockwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parrott, Belleville, spent the week-end with Mrs. J. M. Parrott, John street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shorey leave on Friday to spend the winter with their son at Glencoe, Ont.

Messrs. Frank Ham and Lewis Magee, Conway, left last week for Chicago, Ill.

Miss Madge Vanalstine, Toronto, is the guest of her mother and sisters.

Miss Helen Allen, Picton, left this week to spend the winter in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Greene returned last week from a visit to their daughter in Ogdensburg, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Graham, of Oshawa, are spending a few weeks in Napanee.

Judge and Mrs. Deroche and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ackerman, of Belleville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Deroche last Saturday.

Miss Isabel Wagar, who has been an employee of the Department of Agriculture office at Napanee, left last week for Toronto, where she has secured a position.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Day and daughter, Patricia, of Toronto, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens, Bridge street.

Miss Madeline Stevens, Detroit, Mich., is spending a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens.

Miss Mildred Harrington, nurse-in-training at the Kingston General Hospital, who has been quite ill for a number of weeks, returned home on Sunday much improved.

Messrs. H. W. Huffman and Dr. McLaughlin are home after a two weeks' trip hunting deer in the north country. Their party was very successful.

Mr. Laughland, local representative of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, left on Tuesday to attend the winter fair in Toronto. The following winners in the "Royal" Stock Judging competition accompanied him as representatives of County of Lennox and Addington : P. E. R. Miller, R. R. 4, Napanee ; Arthur Simmons, Wilton ; Chas. Gilbert, R. R. 2, Napanee ; Archie Dillon, Enterprise ; Will Craven, R. R. 1, Bath ; Ford Denys, R. R. 1, Odessa ; R. G. Clarke, Wilton ; Clifford McLaughlin, R. R. 3, Bath; Harvey Smith, R. R. 1, Odessa ; Guy Huyck, R. R. 3, Napanee.

Mrs. J. H. S. Derry, Kingston, spent the week-end the guest of Mrs. W. J. Jewell.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ralph, Mr. George Green and daughter, Esther, and Miss Minnie Osborne, of Stirling, attended the fowl supper and concert in Grace church Monday night.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Mabee, of Odessa, were in Napanee on Tuesday.

We are pleased to see Mr. Geo. Ohlman around again after having been confined to his home for the past couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Penny, of Empey Hill, spent last week visiting relatives in Brockville, Syracuse, and Watertown, N.Y.

MARRIAGES

MacLeod—Parks—At "Palace Road" Napanee, on Saturday, Nov. 12th, 1927, by Rev. Harry Pawson, Hazel Aldeen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Okel B. Parks, to Mr. Donald J. MacLeod, M.A., of Fredericton, N.B.

DEATHS

Hart—At Roblin, on Monday, Nov. 14th, 1927, Alexander Hart, aged 95 years.

McTaggart—At North Fredericksburgh, on Tuesday, Nov. 15th, 1927, James Henry McTaggart, aged 75 years, 3 months.

Williams — At Napanee, on Monday, Nov. 15th, 1927, John Williams aged 71 years, 2 months

Windshield and car door glass, any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 43

Mr. Harry Seymour, who recently purchased the McBean property on Dundas street, is putting new fronts into two of the stores.

Mr. Charles Wilson, Morven, has purchased the residence on West street, which has been occupied by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Laughlin for some time, and with Mrs. Wilson expects to move to Napanee the first of the year.

Polo Ponies From Alberta.

Little has been heard of a thriving little industry in Southern Alberta which has already reached important proportions in a brief time and promises considerably greater things for the future. This is the breeding and export of polo ponies. Breeders in the territory make the claim that polo ponies, as other classes of horses, can be raised there more economically than in possibly any other part of the world, while the playing animal the range area turns out is in many respects difficult to surpass. The industry is apparently one with a future, since the popularity of polo is evidently growing in many parts of the United States and the demand for good polo stock is steady and increasing.

The Atlantic.

The Atlantic, the second largest of the five great oceans, has an area of 30,000,000 square miles.

The name Henry is from the Old German, meaning the head or chief of a house.

FORTY THOUSAND SPECIMENS.

Toronto Broker Acquires Big Collection of Jewellery and Minerals.

The sale of the extensive mineral and jewellery collection formed by the late Mengo L. Morgenthau is announced by F. M. Ruggles, head of a Toronto mining brokerage firm, who have acquired the collection from the Morgenthau estate.

The collection, regarded as one of the most complete of its kind, has been assessed at $250,000. The actual buyer's price, however, was not made known.

Mr. Morgenthau, who died in New York about four months ago, was a brother of Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, and an indefatigable collector of minerals. The collection he formed throughout many years of his life consists of 40,000 specimens, including every known type of mineral.

In size, these range upward to a piece of rare quartz, weighing 400 pounds. Included in the purchase were pennant collections of antique gold jewellery, mainly Egyptian, coins, largely of Roman denominations, and rare Chinese jades.

Mr. Ruggles considers himsif fortunate in acquiring the collection which he regards as unusually complete and rich in the quality of its pieces.

Mr. Morgenthau was not content to have one example of each mineral and metal, but carried each through all of its forms in the rough and finished states.

The collection is divided into seven distinct groups, among which are displays showing the different forms of silver, copper, diamonds, gold and other minerals.

KIDDIES' OWN THEATRE.

Pronounced a Great Success by the Children.

A new thrill has been added to the lives of little Londoners. They now have a theatre to themselves, and it has been pronounced a great success by the children.

Converted from a shop in Endell street, W.C., the Children's Theatre gives good and simple entertainment to over a hundred children every evening. Some while before the opening time, at a quarter to six, kiddies are to be seen waiting for the doors to open with all the appearance of a grown-up theatre queue.

Comfortable benches are provided for the children, who pay threepence if they are under twelve years, and sixpence if over. Adults, admitted only if they are escorts, pay two-and-fourpence.

Included in the programs are sea chanties, songs, one-act plays, and short melodramas.

It is to an actress, Miss Joan Luxton, and her friends that children are indebted for their new pleasure. At first children were invited to the theatre to see how they liked it. Their enjoyment was so obvious that Miss Luxton decided to continue the venture.

As the curtain rises at an early hour in order to suit the children, it is hoped to obtain the services of a number of professional actors and actresses, as the shows will not interfere with their regular matinee or evening performances.

A PREDICTION LIKELY TO COME TRUE

BY ERWIN GREER

(President Greer School of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

You who have had no chance at flying need not despair, for your day is soon to come. Those war veterans, you must remember, put in a long, grim apprenticeship over Flanders' fields and they had all honorably won the laurels that Uncle Sam's aerial training has brought them. They are the pioneers in peace, of a profession which will soon be one of the greatest in the world Flying will progress with them. Five years from now there will be thousands of trained aviators in the field, but these will all have been trained by these selfsame pioneers.

The life of the commercial airman will be a pleasant one. What fellow with any heart for adventure and with red blood in his veins, can resist the temptation of speeding through the air. The life is the cleanest and healthiest that could be imagined ; just the profession for the man who loves the great outdoors. The duties of the present-day automobile chauffeur will be more strenuous than his flying three or four hours every other day. No longer will he be rigged out like an arctic explorer, unnecessarily exposed to a cutting head wind and the roar of the engine. He will recline with ease, in an enclosed cabin, which is electrically lighted and heated throughout ; even to taking a hand at cards with the passengers.

In the near and wonderful future of the airplane, an afternoon spin from New York City to Cuba will be a very common occurrence, or South America a week-end flight.

The faint-hearted public will look upon airplane accidents with sinking hopes. The reasonable public — and naturally some quantity of courage must enter into all good human reasoning—will recognize that in flying there always will be accidents and in its present stage of infancy there will be a greater proportion of accidents than will prove to be the normal. A man who wants a permanent life insurance against death, needs to be an immortal, for on this planet we are only mortals

A few people will always seek to prolong life by refusing the thrills of living dangerously. They will not go up in the air, nor out on the sea in ships, nor ride horses, nor be carried by automobiles. But, thank heaven, they are few. The average man is not a death dodger, but trusts his existence to the usual risks of life. It would be miserable to live otherwise.

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CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

How are we going to see that everyone not in dire sorrow will have a happy Christmas this year ? By that, of course, we mean those whom it is possible for us to reach. No matter how prosperous a year has been, there are always some of our fellow countrymen who are 'out of luck.' Sickness comes to a home with all that it entails of loss of time and expenditure of money and from various causes we will find that there are homes where Santa Claus cannot call unless we help to fill his pack.You will say "It is early to talk of Christmas, why we have just celebrated Thanksgiving." Very true, but that is one of the reasons for talking about it just now, for we have been realizing how much most of us have to be thankful for and should be in a frame of mind to share our blessings with others. To begin near home ; in every community you will find sick mothers who are already wondering how they are going to give their children a happy Christmas. You may have to look with care for these mothers, for they may not tell you their troubles. A kindly, helping hand, some cookies baked for the little ones, and your assistance in dressing a tree, may make the Christmastide brighter for that home. Then, what about the people in Northern Ontario ? The families of new settlers, Canadians from the more settled country at home, many of them men, who with bodies enfeebled by their war service, are doing something worth while for Canada in opening up the country to the north. Have you ever travelled westward along the Canadian railways, sitting warm and comfortable in a drawingroom car and caught a glimpse as you pass of the little homes in the clearing of the spruce forest? A curl of white smoke shows you that someone lives there and the little, faded garments on the clothes line, fluttering in the icy wind, tells you that there are children in the log house. Will Santa Claus stop on his way to fill the stockings of your children in their warm homes and bring a few warm clothes to replace the tattered garments on the line ? Only if some of us help to fill his pack.

If you have'nt already planted your bulbs for the winter flower jar boxes, do it now. And get good bulbs, the best you can buy, it pays in the end. All sorts of pretty bowls are shown in the shops, but it is quite likely you have something in your china closet that will do quite as well as anything you can buy. Keep the bulbs in a dark cupboard after they are planted for a few weeks until the green top begins to show well. In this way the roots will grow first and will supply the plant with strength. There is no plant you can buy that will give you the pleasure of one you grow yourself if you are a true flower lover.

"A woman who has done good work in the societies to which she belongs, possibly because she does not try to belong to too many says, "Don't try to persuade people to take office when they appear unwilling to do so. If a woman feels she has not the time nor the talent to take office, she should know it." There is a good deal of truth in her statement, but we all have been the quiet little woman who felt she was unequal to the task of the presidency, turn out splendidly and become a real leader. The thing is to get some one for a president, who while shouldering the responsibility, has the God-given gift of getting everyone to work and trusting them to do the part assigned to them. The president who must see to everything herself is as bad as the one who leaves all the work for the other officers. And every president should remember that she is chosen to be a leader, that the voice of the society should be heard and that hers is only the casting vote.

Have you ever visited a well baby clinic run by the Public Health or Victorian Order Nurses? If not, do so at the earliest opportunity and you will be interested if you are a true woman, whether you have babies or not. There is a neat, spotless room and on its walls are posters with instructions regarding the health of mother and child. Eat more vegetables, is a health slogan that goes along with "drink more milk." The nurse greets you and shows you the proper clothes for the new baby, according to the latest ruling of the Public Health Department, and tells you that the tight bands that the baby used to wear are no longer considered good, and shows you a tiny garment knitted of soft wool that looks much more comfortable. She has a big doll in a basket cradle dressed as a baby should be dressed and presently the mothers come in bringing the babies and if it is their first visit she shows it to them. Then the cards are produced with the last record of weight and the babies are weighed to see if they are gaining. At one station we have visited, a kind doctor gives two afternoons a week to look at the babies. But if there is anything wrong he does not treat them, but sends them to their own doctor. This clinic is for well babies, and if they are sick babies there is no room for them, they go to a hospital if need be, the idea of the clinic being to keep them well, by giving the young mothers advice about feeding and clothing them.

Some of the pears gathered late are still for sale. Of them you can make pear chips in this way : Slice 8 lbs of hard pears as for pies. Add 6 lbs. of white sugar, 6 ounces of green ginger sliced very thin, 6 large lemons, pare them and add the peel, squeeze the juice over the mixture and let it stand over night. In the morning there will be sufficient juice to boil the mixture in. Cook slowly for two hours.

SICKLY BOY, 7, GAINS 15 LBS—FATHER HAPPY

"My boy, 7, would not eat. I gave him Vinol and the way he eats and plays now makes me happy. He gained 15 pounds."—J. F. Andres.

Vinol is a delicious compound of cod liver peptone, iron, etc. The very FIRST bottle often adds several pounds weight to thin children or adults. Nervous, easily tired, anemic people are surprised how Vinol gives new pep, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. Tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God so loved the world (i.e., loved you and loved me) that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world, through Him, might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned ; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God," John 3: 14-18.

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